Rhymes of a Rover



By
John
Keough

RHYMES OF A ROVER

BY

JOHN KEOUGH

BLACKVILLE, N. B.

PRICE: BY MAIL, ONE DOLLAR

ST. JOHN, N. B.
J. & A. McMILLAN, PRINTERS
1911

PS8521
A647
R4
1911
P***

TO

PETER F. McDONALD, B. A.

MONTANA

A TRUE FRIEND

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR

890845

PREFACE.

As a book speaks for itself, little need be said in the preface. I have only to remark that if I have referred at times to certain individuals in language that might be called over-drastic, I am ready to admit that such language is unworthy of my pen; but, I have no reason to agree that it had been incorrectly applied. For him who criticises my work justly I have the kindest regards, whether he praise or blame; for the blockhead, or the prejudiced, I have only my contempt to offer—for I recognize fully the value of the one and the emptiness of the other.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Echos of St. F. X.	1-53
The Choir Girl	56-96
Letters, Anonymous	98-118
Gleanings of the Gamut—An Acrostic	118
The Debaucher	118
On Reading the Life, etc	120
Lines on an Imprisoned Bird	120
An Epigram	121
Consecration Ode	122
Tears	127
A Soliloquy	128
Thoughts Suggested by the Erection of a Cathedral	129
The Acceptance	130
Autumn Leaves	131
The Death of Burns	132
Crippen's Farewell	133
Thoughts on Manitoba	134
The Manitoba Farmer	135
Shadow Falls	137
My Country's Flag	139
Lines on the Death of Father Hughes	140
An Acrostic	141
My Garden	142
The Maid of Glen Falls	143
The Woods of Groveland Park	145
In Youth's Golden Morning	147
Mary's Adieu to France	148
To C	149
Spring	150
Lines on a Deceiver	150
To C.	152
So Passing Fair	153
A Thought	155
Stanzas suggested by a Picture	155
"I have no More to Say"	156
Hail, Ardent Love	157
Love Shall Live Forever	158

	PAGE
Lines Written on the Death of Father Morriscy	158
To My Mother	160
To the Old Year	160
A Wanderer's Resolution	162
At the Parting of the Ways	164
A Satire	165
Heralds of the Seasons	167
The Sylvan Bower	168
Alice	171
A Dream	172
Love's Pleadings	174
Out of the Life of Yesterday	175
A Thought	175
The Vine Still Clings...a	176
A Turning Two Ways	176
Adieu, Sweet Maid	177
To Christina	178
A Picture of Hypocrisy	179
My Wandering Star	184
Rain, Rain, Dreary Rain	185
A Romance	186
A Satire	187
Ode to Anit	188
To Geraldine. The Traitors	192
Maritza	192
Antigonish Harbor at Sunset	193
The Sad News	194
"My Heart is with the Violin."	195
The First Christmas	196
Why do I Watch You, Twinkling Star	200
To Evangeline. To Mary	201
What I Love	201
A Sonnet	202
Down, Down, Down	203
No Gentle Gleam for Me	204
How Oft I Longed	205
A Question and its Answer. Meditation	207
Come Back, Come Back	208
To. Mich. To C	209
Lumen in Coelo	209
The Boethick's Lament	215
A Comparison	219

ECHOS OF ST. F. X.

A Satire.

"*You have done this*, says one judge;
done that, says another;
You should have done this, grumbles
one; *that*, says t'other;
Never mind what he touches, one
shrieks out *Taboo!*
And while he is wondering what
he shall do,
Since each suggests opposite topics
for song,
They all shout together *you're right!*
and *you're wrong!*"

—Lowell.

PREFACE.

I presume that the ex-rector of St. F. X. will consider me reckless for daring to publish this satire in face of the terrific threats he has made. He reminds me of an immense gun that explodes with an earsplitting roar but which is loaded only with powder. He has challenged me, and I answer his challenge with the publication — let him do his worst!

I owe an apology to my readers for permitting their attention to be insulted even for an instant by some of the characters that appear in this work. I should take a higher view of my mission, and pay no heed to the curs that bark only at the heel. To have treated them with silent pity — not contempt — had been higher and nobler, and had approved itself to the conscience as being more charitable. They deserve a castigation, it is true, but possibly the best way would have been to have left them to their own fate — which is bad enough! They are fit instruments to point a moral, but are in no way calculated to adorn a tale.

ECHOS OF ST. F. X.

A Satire.

When wit is hissed and dulness bears the palm,
When wisdom sleeps, and fools applaud and damn,
When ev'ry hour proclaims in accents clear
The wooden age of brainless block-heads here —
No marvel, Phoebus, once the lord of day,
To folly's slaves resigns his sovereign sway,
Shrouds his fair form, heraldic of the night,
And, with his glittering cortege, sinks from sight —
No marvel long-eared Gorgons bray and breed,
And ev'ry coxcomb mounts a wingëd steed!

Ye sons of Chaos, glorying in your lot
And all the bickering madness time has taught,
I too can ride, a steed that feels the reins
True offspring of Medusa's bleeding veins,
Nor shall desist for Xavier's maudlin hoot
Nor all her stubborn Pegasus' to boot.
I too can scribble when the mind impels
Or dry the steel-tipped pen when it rebels,
Or, like some self-crowned heroes of the day,
Call in the squads and make my own survey.

Adieu ye wooded hills and winding streams —
I've loved ye well!— but now to lesser themes.
For thorn-girt path and stygian gloom, I yield
The pleasing light and verdure of the field;
From warbled words, bright blooms, and starry wings
Turn with disgust to deal with baser things.
And if throughout these pages, I, at times,
May tend to airier thoughts and easier rhymes,

'Tis as the pilgrim, who, the while the roves,
Yearns ever backward for the land he loves.

Time-honoured figure, flagrantly misused,
For once at least thou shalt not be abused!
What law is quashed; what meatphor is will,
Where men like Satan change their shapes at will?
Now waxon-pinioned wid'ning o'er the sky —
Now shorn of wings, like battling pismires lie —
Now hideous reptiles, drag the lagging breast —
Now seeming man, caressing and caressed —
Now this — now that, exceeding pow'r to paint —
And now, the cloven foot — and now the saint —
Preaching or prating, dunce succeeds to dunce,
Ignorant of nothing save their ignorance —
Perfect in imperfection, falsely true,
The fools that Horace dreamed of but ne'er knew —
Let figures mix! who mixes most prevails!
And he alone who follows order fails.
Say, if you will; such mars a writers line,
Dubs *him* a fool, and blackens his design;
Horses ne'er fight with horns; or sheep with stings;
Fish have not feet; nor have the others wings;
Women with well-oiled tongues, not hoofs, assail;
Nor man is made more perfect by a tail —
True! yet these last so oft like monsters teem
'Twere only just to paint them as they seem.

All modern critics be they great or small
In two distinctive sets by nature fall:
Those, whose sound judgments fit them for their art;
And, those unfit to judge — the *greater* part.
And doth not matchless James adorn the last
By ev'ry legitimate right of princely cast,
With Xavier's upright son, precocious "Slew,"

The greatest half-back that the world e'er knew,
A shining statue turned to ev'ry dunce
Where each observes his lineaments at once?
Behold the mighty multitudinous "we"
Nominis umbrae, gratia Domini —
Novissimae umbrae! so severely just,
One thinks that Draco has resigned his trust
With one more stern, by Satan given surcease
To damn in Scotia as he damned in Greece.
Change regal "we" for egotistic "I"
Ye twice ten-thousand hidden knaves, and die!
Who cares for "ego"? When the vale is drawn
Mayhap Tom Thumb will greet you with a yawn,
Some intellectual pigmy, who aspires
To snub all authors and to smash all lyres,
Whose meagre mind, though venomed, can but balk,
And prove the dwarf alone a laughing-stock.
Those of the former class, unmarked by spleen,
Advance with caution, and are seldom seen,
Condemn with kindness, honour where 'tis due,
And meet the writer with a just review,
Something of merit has invoked the task,
And betterment 's the only end they ask.
A critic's aim, commensurate with his skill,
Should always be to better not to kill,
To cousin him, whose lines, though few, presage
The richer harvest of a riper age.
Who would condemn the summer-blossomed plain
Because some cockle waves amidst the grain;
Or, fired with rage, the ripened fields deplore
Because some chaff is on the threshing-floor?
The goodly diamond shines as sparkling bright
When set with other gems of lesser light;
The beauteous maiden, whom the many woo,
Gathers new strength from her less favoured few.

So in the measured lines at times are found
Some petty faults of diction or of sound,
Some thought, mayhap, that, clothed in other dress,
More clearly yet the meaning might express —
For, who has written from all blemish free
From the first bard to him who is to be?
Words are like stones rough-hewn from nature's breast,
And he is first in art who fits them best,
And, even he, oftimes, beholds with pain
The half-raised structure fall to earth again
Which one poor word, unfound, had firmly placed,
Nor time, nor tide, nor censure had defaced:
For this, the first of elogists besought
Sev'n weary years and labouring found it not.
Let him who censures with an equal hand
The virtues and the follies of our land,
Who holds up Shakespeare only to misquote
And makes his own the puns that Porson wrote,—
Let him, great champion, elegantly terse,
Concisely inexact in prose or verse,
Look for perfection in some other sphere —
We have, alas! but erring mortals here.

A noble art, the critics!— yet to know
Requires more heat than Xavier's menials show —
A noble art, where brains and judgment tell
And he alone who studies may excell.
Not to be reached by mad spasmodic fits
Of slewside freaks or twentieth-century Xits,
But, slowly compassed, through long-labouring hours,
Till well-earned merit advocates its pow'rs.
On him whom nature leaden-browed bestowed
The sickly penetration of the toad —
What matters cultivation? still he moves
All blindly groping in contracted grooves.

The most exquisite wording, choicest sense,
To half-learned critics oft give most offence,
Captious and blind these oftenest they engage,
Attack with fury, and condemn with rage.
Or, still unbending 'neath the test of rule,
Wing the course jest and vagrant ridicule.
Feeling, as well as rules, must play its part
And make the hand subservient to the heart,
For, absent, distaste proves the judge untrue
And brings the useless pedant into view.
Nor yet, where feeling shows the genuine soul,
For petty imperfections damn the whole,
But, weighing wisely, his best praises add
And help the bard to better what is bad.
To note small faults alone, to mites confined,
Were far beneath the critic's nobler mind,
Errors that all must own and critics scan
While imperfection marks the lot of man.
Rather on grace than imperfections dwell
And seek the hidden beauties that excell,
These, and these foremost to the world appraise,
Gems for its thought and worthy of its gaze,
Demanding deeper knowledge, taste, and tone,
Then his, who, curtailed, seeks for faults alone.
Each little wit, a critic but by half,
On beauty as on bungling turns the laugh,
Each little meddler plays his thankless part
And always has the common good at heart,
Admired by those, whose judgments, better-starred,
Had seen the wit contemptuous not the bard,
To those of stabler minds, of judgment just,
The source of indignation and disgust.

Unchecked, uncurbed indulgence ever tends
To lower plains, and so the boor descends,

Till, feeling ourtaged, hopeless stands agast,
And time brings forth the chronic slave at last;
To all opposed, to good and bad alike
He bares his weapon, anxious but to strike —
An intellectual wasp, whose dastard blow
Spares neither wit nor folly, friend or foe.

"Genius abridged! Thought shackled! Sense in chains!
Freedom a myth!" the stricken bard complains.
And yet, he is no tryant who impels
To higher levels where pure thought excells;
Nor he, the victim: man is never free
To pass the gilded bounds of liberty.
Where Taste and understanding hold the clue
True Reason' s ever anxious for review,
Then, Justice linked with Judgment holds the scale
And, weighing wisely, never stoops to rail.

But, though there be whose twisted visions scan
To miss the couplet and attack the man—
Why thus the art condemn? as well inveigh
Against all logic when some reasoners stray.
Unbounded approbation turns the dart
But proves the mind unstable, not the art.
Its laws are sound, its honoured basis sure,
And, all unarbitrary, must endure.
'Tis natheless true that much in prose and rhyme,
Outraging rules, have stood the test of time,
Have even lasting reputation gained
And to a niche in honour's halls attained—
But why applaud? transgression cannot give
Immortal fame, or make the brainless live.
Merit, alone, the proffered work exalts,
And wins a cherished place in spite of faults.
Not to strained thoughts and phrases seeming-wise

England's immortal Shakespeare owes his rise,
Nor dramas mixed proclaims his power to please:
Nor cold rejection of the unities,
These but the unwished offspring of his age,
Born for the time, and cateving to the stage,
Faults, that the blaze of genius whitens o'er
That pity weds and almost makes no more;
Not these, but living pictures of mankind
Through pure conceptions prove the mastermind,
Sublime portrayals of a vanished past,
Touched by a human hand, but that shall last.

Set to the general, hoary rule prevails,
But, when exceptions rise, the standard fails.
New truths defy old measures, and demand
The keen invention of a modern hand,
These the resplendent comets of the mind
That, seeming outlaws, leave all law behind,
Till, genius measuring genius, with its test
Proves them as much in order as the rest.
What man, howe'er so favoured to dispute,
But here for lack of argument is mute?—
Save that, mayhap, he trembles to discard
What once was held by ev'ry Grecian bard.
But Hellas' dramas, scanned, too plainly tell
That but as compositions they excel,
Athenians noblest tragedies declare
The drama to be secondary there,
Nor human life, man's character, and ways,
Depict, as Shakespeare, in his peerless plays—
Whether they breathe of love or flash with ire,
One hears through all the throbbings of the lyre.
And marvel 'twere if laws of those old days
To chorus framed should suit our modern plays!
Had Shakespeare 'gainst those laws refused to sin,

Holding inviolate, where had Hamlet been?
Our mightiest dramas never had been staged
Were not those sacred unities outraged.
Far less let rules be reverenced which have sprung
Like blood-dyed spume from a consumptive's lung
That to a mind disordered owe their rise,
And lack authority to rule the wise—
Rules, that absurd unmuzzled carpers frame
To blunt the pen, and block the road to fame,
Countless as fools! scarce one has reached its tomb
Ere twenty rises from the mental womb,
Low, base abortions, issuing throng on throng,
Dragged forth in haste and doomed to last as long.
One censures the Aeneid with boist'rous ire,
And Vergil falls at Dido's fun'ral pyre—
For, heroes such as his none e'er abide,
Who, howso pressed, forsake a blameless bride;
Rhymer condemns Othello to the rack,
For tragic heroes never should be black;
Here syllables redundant too abound
Which only in the drama should be found;
Oxford to its prize ode a length assigns,
Whoe'er competes must write but fifty lines.—
And why not on? let ev'ry future play
Have but three acts, the time a single day,
Three scenes to ev'ry act, to ev'ry scene
A hundred lines and words to each fifteen!
Nor would we err more pointedly or worse
Than they who censure Shelley's marvelous verse
And dub him incorrect, because, forsooth,
He quashed their senseless rules and built on truth.

Let him who shakes when such reviewers rave
Mould his base bricks and act the willing slave,
Pay double value for their spurious wares
And scorn the golden grain to feed on tares.

Some antique pictures mould'ring where they lie
Depict the correctness Student lauds so high,
Nor none more well than those that grace the page
Of quaint old Bibles soiled and worn with age.
Where one beholds in cold perspective rare
Primeval Eden and its blissfu' pair.
Four rivers on four sides are seen to flow
Describing a rectangle as they go;
Flowers, in square beds; and, closed with brick and rail
A long canal, whose waters (never fail);
The Tree of Knowledge to its place assigned,
And round its bole the painted serpent twined;
Eve to the left, Adam to right is found;
And all the beasts stand in a circle round.
Nor none would doubt what's open to the view:
The squares are quite correct; the circle, true;
The man and woman stand correct in line;
And haje's spiral is correctly fine.—
But who applauds, save Xavier's twisted saint
And half-grown babies, tickled with the paint?
Did gifted Renolds paint that paradise
Which others, clouded, sketch with erring eyes,
Or Bouguereau, in art no less than he,
What glorious vision 'twould be ours to see!
Not hopeless etchings, broken and untrue,
But such as shades immortal turned to view
When Eve by Gihon's banks her vespers sang
And the first harp through groves terrestial rang:
The sapphire brook that waked the tangled shade,
The flow'ry meadows, and the grassy glade;
The silent lake where myrtles clustering hung,
And bright-winged birds in softest concord sung;
Untrodden grottos clad with tend'rest vine
And purple grapes slow waxing into wine;
Forests Hesperian bent with fruited b

And fragrant leafage scarcely dreamed of now:
And last, not least, that rose-encircled bow'r —
Where slept the lovers through the midnight hour,
O'er whose chaste limbs the pendant blossoms shed
A petaled covering for their nuptial bed —
But dimly kenned, as, while Aldebaran gleams,
The pictured woodland in the twilight streams,
Or, when the dawn first tints the eastern hills,
Campestrian groves and cedar-blossomed rills.

Who, save of herded connossieurs the worst,
W ld dub the last less accurate than the first?
Surely 'twould be an image more exact
Than senseless diagrams on canvass packed.

To poesy allied, though more confined,
Painting and sculpture claim a kindred mind:
The one with faultless brush translates the skies,
And, earth, new-coloured, on the canvas lies;
The other with the chisel carves the rock,
And Caesar rises from the quarried block.
But, wide as is the mighty realm of arts,
This ne'er from colour, that from form departs.
Yet, let who will these lesser arts detract,
Their likeness is more vivid, more exact,
Confined to outward things, by titles strong
They take precedence of the art of song.
For, he, who deigns to paint the world's broad stage
With all its visible objects on the page,
Armed but with words, will ne'er behold expand
That wond'rous scene that leaves the painter's hand —
Not, though unrivalled Shakespeare breached again
And in his dext'rous fingers held the pen.
But brush and chisel to convention set
No life may ape, no living form beget —

Ask of the soulless output that remains
In Gizeh's tombs and Cuzco's ruined fanes,
Undying witnesses of what must be
When cast is all, and art no longer free.

Nor but the higher arts their hordes comprise
Who laud this false correctness to the skies,
Small-minded mortals who make means the end
And non-essentials with essentials blend.
Thus Bourgeois Jourdain rails in open war
When Nicole thrusts *in tierce* before *in quarte;*
L'Amour Medecin in M. Thomes' decrees
Portrays the errors of some choice M. D's;
Th' historic page grey veterans has revealed
Who damned Napoleon's tactics on the field
And swore by all the gods from Zeus to Thor
That he had spoiled the glorious art of war.
Let such condemn — each art bespeaks its end:
Of war to conquer, and of drugs to mend,
Of fencing to unfoot — and this the test;
Those means are worthiest which accomplish best.

All art is imitation. He who plods
Is nature's copyist, as nature God's.
But he who by despotic rules is bound,
Like a base reptile creeps along the ground,
Thwarts his best purpose once and yet again,
And, doomed to darkness, never quits the glen.
A slave of slaves, he hastens to obey
Though Folly leads and Ignorance points the way.

That mild precursor of scholastic school
Who first taught Alexander how to rule
And whose unerring systems still prevail
Though Bacon, Kant, and Hamilton assail,

Declared, and ev'ry sage upholds his part,
Poesy to be an imitative art.
Nor like her sisters sphered but to be seen,
In her own realm she moves a peerless queen.
Her's is the high prerogative to scan
That thrice-omnipotent world, the heart of man,
To know at will its countless phases well
And all its deeply complex movements tell.
Here she is mistress, here she stands alone,
And, first of systems, rears her spotless throne.
Fortune's e'er-broken turns her record fills:
Fallen man as man, his happiness, his ills,
And, where for pleasure, usefulness or gain,
His villas dot the valleys and the plain,
His ever-varying conduct she assigns
To fitting measure in her glorious lines.
Nor limited to our substantial form,—
She spreads her bright-plumed pinions to the morn,
Wings her proud way through yon ethereal air,
And mounts to him whose likeness mortals bear,
Nor, twilight settles, ere Italian swains
See Dante rise to chronicle her gains.
Where are her confines? Let presumptuous man
All things potential, all things actual scan,
The outer and the inner worlds explore
And bound imagination with a shore —
Not but that God who knows each atomed part
Can sound the depths of this imperial art.

And, is the noblest thus of end devoid?
Or has its scope by critics been destroyed?
Has it no changeless, no eternal laws,
No ultimate end, no origin, no cause,
No individual essence? lesser arts
Have their peculiar entity and parts.

Loved of the muses! scoffers may deride
And half-brained envious idiols puff with pride,
Thy laws are not like those that hourly tell
That others hatched in haste would suit as well.
Heralds declaim from each ancestral tree
And frame despotic rules for blazonry:
Argent on or bedecks the honoured shield,
A *bend* denotes a bastard in the *field* —
But, if, by chance, the science were reversed,
The last would be as valid as the first,
For, what caprice engenders, all too soon
Like fickle offspring changes with the noon.
Yea, poesy commands a priceless dow'r,
All nations and all climes bespeak her pow'r,
Through ev'ry age and o'er her boundless range
She kept her station in the midst of change.
Unkempt barbarians, from the wilds reclaimed,
Like Texan mustangs have been caught and tamed;
Systems of worship built by monstrous frauds,
Rose, flourished, and then fell with all their gods;
Base dialects from wild confusion sprung
Have risen to revolutionize the tongue;
Bodies politic, swelled with kingly power,
Have seen their greatness withered in an hour;
Round the domestic hearth new fashions meet;
And devirse engines throng our modern street.
Hoops were erstwhile what pleased the female mind
Till new inventions threw the weight behind;
A knotted kerchief once adorned the hair,
Then caps, and now the Merry-Widow's there:
These have their day, like petty sovereigns reign,
And others follow in an endless chain —
Bikes bend to autos, steam to gasolene,
And railway coaches to the winged machine.

But thou, thou hast not changed, nor ages bleak
Have laid one wrinkle on thy fadeless cheek;
Nor nature, that vast mirror which displays
The great creator's image, phase on phase;
Nor man's all-anxious heart; nor Homer's lines,
The pristine gems of thy exhaustless mines.
Thou saw'st ten-thousand fitful fashions fade,
Ten-thousand critic's codes in ashes laid,
The rise and fall of all the flickering past,
Thou saw'st the first, and thou shalt see the last —
Time cannot alter thine immortal youth
Nor those first marvelous miracles of truth.

O glorious freedom of our buried sires
That in its honest bluntness still inspires,
That points our pens, and bids us spurn control
And write the dictates of the kindling soul,
Lead us to higher levels, fairer ground,
Where we may breathe pure air, and look around
Uncurbed by laws by potent fools assigned
To cool the heart and stultify the mind,
Who twist our motives, misconstrue our acts,
And damn our best effects with senseless tracts!
Such numbers of Dodonas hourly rise,
Great Zeus, confounded, scarce can trust his eyes,
Where lying scribes, unhappily, prevail
O'er shivering mortals who might best assail —
Too often-times, alas! the death of those
Whose groundless fears o'ermagnify their foes,
Worsted by that which challenged would retreat,
And, where they should have conquered, meet defeat —
Or, best, mayhap, had trained the indignant gaze,
For a fool's jibes are better then his praise,—
Like a base bell his jarring notes are spread,
The gist of his long tongue and empty head.

Thus be the sure decretals of the skies
That he must labour who would fain be wise,
For knowledge comes not as the glittering hoard
That greets the heir of some incumbent lord.
Away with titles! he, although a king,
If brainless born remains a brainless thing,
By nature doomed to build up pictured walls
And fill a fool's place in his stately halls.
M. A's, B. A's, D. D's, and countless shams
With just enough of wit to pass exams.,
Hockey and foot-ball graduates, go their rounds,
Whose sickly brains would scarcely weigh two pounds —
Thy l -noured graduates, Thompson! who if reft
Of gown and parchment, nothing would be left.
To dense to learn, too indolent to think,
They *punt up* for their sheep-skin in the rink,
Or win out on a *scrimmage* or a *try*,
And hug their long-eared titles by-and-by.
Nor these alone! ev'n nature's boasted prize
Whom sophists love, and only fools despise,
Whose wid'ning brow bespeaks a spirit bright
Dwelling behind those matchless spheres of light
Ev'n he, to godless ease a willing slave,
Dying, shall fill a mediocre grave,
While they, whose sickly birth-stars scarcely shone,
May shine resplendent lights when he is gone.

Well be it so, the world's most precious spoil
Is hardly reached through three-score years of toil,
That proud unscrupulous man in his mad course,
The treasure by, must earn, not take by force,
Else, empty kerns might fill their cobwebbed skulls
And pass for gods regardless of their hulls,
Like her who fell 'neath Mes'potamian skies
Led on by hell how easiest to be wise.

Yet, in our midst uncultured muck-worms grow
Who hold it half a crime to strive to know,
With self o'erpuffed pretension rules the stage
And ev'ry fool *in face* is half a sage,
Nor lacks adorers, gathering mob on mob
Each to its fancy rounds its wonted cob,
While wide-mouthed Bombast opes its massive jaws,
And hats are off, and all the land's applause.
Each day, each hour, such varied gods arise,
One pictures Hellas 'neath Canadian skies:
Merit declines: the love of honour dies:
And he alone is uppermost who lies.
In spite of nature and her guiding stars,
Pale Vega's lessening light, or fiery Mars,
Unthinking mortals claim the right to scan
To censure and to judge their fellow-man,
Though, nature, in the face of ev'ry school,
Declares who shall be wise and who a fool.
Denied her favour: these, with nocent biles,
Malign those few who share her genial smiles,—
Like unsuccessful suitors, who pursue
And take by force the maids they cannot woo,
Carpers would grapple Judgment by the jaws
And fill a writer and his works with flaws.
So, skilled in finesse, would-be authors sit
Racking their unresponsive skulls for wit—
Loudly they knock, and may be knocking yet
For aught I know: the chambers are To Let.
Hoping 'gainst hope, they pile their shapeless clods
And build up tomes would mystify the gods.
How boundless is their wrath! all arts and wits
Save theirs and them are but base counterfeits,
Nor even Virgil's fair unsullied page
Nor Homer's matchless line escapes their rage.
Like leeches parched, so quenchless is their thirst

They needst must pump until their entrails burst,
Searching for falsehood, blind to what is true,
They drink the bright red blood and deem it blue.
Hot-pressed octavos shine in crimson rows
Whose hides scarce screen the calves which they enclose,
Quartos and duodecimos appear—
Nor this comes hobbling till the next is near
Yet Sham, weak minds hath pow'r to fascinate,
And, so, each passing oracle has weight—
For lo! what panegyrics usher in
These wond'rous works of emptiness and skin!
Ink flows on ev'ry side and pens are out,
And news-boys throng the thoroughfares and shout,
Admiring favourites laud them in their stalls
And hang their heroe's photo on the walls,
Mayhap some ermined doctor, void of shame,
The eulogy prepared, subscriber his name—
And, like Darius, by one voice alone
The block-head quits the earth and mounts a throne.

Some authors when extolled, boast want of skill,
And cudgel their weak wits for writing ill,
Make deposition to their lack of parts,
And curse their poor perception of the arts,
Turn traitors to themselves, who, by and by,
When censured freely, raise a hue-and-cry,
Hurl paper balls with Amazonian fling,
And damn all flesh from cottager to king.
Some list their falling doom with churlish ears
And treat with reverence what should meet with sneers
As if 'twere heaven hurled its woeful ban
And not the sordid sunken sons of man.
To others, when all feebler means decay,
Busiris ever-kindly points the way;
Bids them, co[illegible]ned by common sense, to rail

And weild the stripes where craft and cunning fail,
To bear by crabbed and gnarled effrontery down
And terrorize the college and the town,
To oust the stranger, index all his verse,
And, still unconquering, speed from bad to worse.
Yet, to succeed, believe there needs a skull
With some small holdings and not quite a hull:
The humid husk, to act though e'er so free,
Lacking the kernel ne'er becomes a tree.—
Out on the envious hopes of envious men,
Merit, though crushed to earth, shall rise again!
Nature dictates. Let him who would excel
List to her earnest calls and study well,
Banish these hordes of self-important fools,
And lean on truth alone to form his rules.

Singers may err, the harp discordant ring,
And well-plied censure prove the underling,
But, for each bard who builds up wretched verse,
A hundred crippled critics scribble worse—
On ev'ry side the self-same rule prevails—
Launch the slow bark, and trim the lazy sails!
Nor look upon the dreaded beast and say
He may destroy where others must make way.
The savage grizzly ravages the dell,
But lesser vermin reach their ends as well;
These with their hidden fangs, and those with fumes,
Wither the earth and fill the land with tombs;
And bleak unmeaning carpers, scarcely seen,
Like skunks or cobras vent their venomed spleen,
As venomous as they, they too would fill
The land with graves were there more wits to kill.
Oh, ye degenerates of these lesser days,
Ready to forge a fault, but slow to praise,
O'er your hard breasts the diamond moves in vain,

Baffled by flint of yet more sturdy grain!
Ye base-voiced ravens, whet your carrion bills,
Gather in flocks, and leave the winded hills;
And you, ye owls, with heaven-distracting song,
Rise from the swamp and join the howling throng;
Nor absent be thy voice, oh bellowing frog,
Hoarse with the rank contagion of the bog- -
Such sounds alone are sweet! such accents please!
Comfort these fools, and put them at their ease!

And who is this, that, neath a rounded dip,
Slants his dull eyes, and curls his mighty lip?
Mendacious Wallace! I should know his hide
Though in a tan-house, stinking while it dried.
And thinkest thou, clod-poll, with thy vain pretence
To stand pre-eminent on the throne of sense?
Thou'rt right my man! to such must genius bow,
For nonsense is the test of merit now.
While through the rifted clouds some kindly spark
May pierce some pate, be yours forever dark,
Void of all light save what it now retains
The gloomy fox-fire of decaying brains;
Still mould your fertile fancy to entrance
The leaded mind with war-scarred tales of France,
With Thompson, Tompkins, Colin, Shay and Wells
Act out your part, nor doff the cap and bells,
And, at your will, still ply your menial games
"The immortal lackey of immortal James,"
Post to the "Casket," daily, up and down,
And show your mangy frontal to the town.
Start not, proud traitor! once I loved you well
In happier days, ere Brutus-like you fell.
With you I roved ere boyhood days were o'er,
Knew but one friend, nor, careless, looked for more,
Plucked the wild flow'rs from many a favourite hill,

Tracked the deep wood, or sat beside the rill,
Or, when Diana decked her wonted seat,
Held with slow steps along the lighted street,
Happy to feel in thee I might impose
The treasured lore that others soon disclose,
To you my inmost secrets were revealed—
You learned them all!—how many are concealed?
By vile deception thus you paved the way
And won affection, only to betray.
Be still remembrance! most unhappy 's he,
Who, bent with pain, recalls past ecstasy.

Behold at distance, robed in state attire,
The war-bard Wells bend neath his mighty lyre;
From ev'ry side the mincing crowd he draws,
Thumps the rude strings, and welcomes their applause,
Loudly he howls "To win but fickle fame"
The ears of fools and an inglorious name.
Sonnets unnumbered thunderingly meet
And tear each other with superfluous feet
Till sense, its mail in tatters, yields the ground,
And, vanquished, flees, half-deafened by the sound.

Next, cankerous James, rails on with reckless pen,
The worst of critics and the least of men,
A wond'rous work of meagre parts combined
Whose shrunken body suits his shrunken mind.
Out from his mulcted maw with auger's flames
Issue long tracts that lack all else but names,
Week after week unheard-of dishes throng,
And noble Slewside bears the mess along.
Like other dwarfs, this college Xit conspires
To light his own and quench all other fires,
This would-be Sir Narcissus, linked with Slew
And other quaint productions of the Zoo.

Close at his heels his blunted band he draws,
Scatters his writs, and promulgates his laws,
On common-sense eternal war declares,
And dreams of June-bugs, bugaboos and bears,
Reason by declamation 's quite outdone,
And insult ends what impudence begun.
All hail! illustrious monarch of the west!
Wield your cramped pen and hurl your wanton jest!
Since in old time the first untutored sire
Leaped into love, and smote the sounding lyre,
Ne'er did the cabbage bind as fair a brow
As that which crowns thee prince of dunces now.

Far from the campus of his college days
McDonald loudly howls his broken lays,
Still twists Sir Walter, in his wanton sport,
Or guides a chigre to a foreign court.
To acknowledge truth his virtue is too strict,
His courage too supreme to contradict.
Effusive Allen! tune thy half-strung harp!
The dominant grates! the mediant is too sharp!
Appogiaturas, damned for want of grace,
Annoy the treble and confound the base!
Althrough the noxious gamut ev'ry chord
(If such there be) cries out: "Have mercy lord!"

Marvel of marvels, flickering as they flee!
Behold the honoured lights of Márgaree!
Progressive ever, each one takes his place,
And proud DeLayney mingles in the race;
Nor, in the rear, but with the foremost thrown,
Unequaled Gillis rides upon his roan—
Unrivaled Gillis! he, whose mighty pen
Might sketch with ease McAskill or a hen.
O, envied scribe! philologist most kind!

What peerless problems task thy puissant mind!
None knows the heights to which thou may'st attain,
So lofty is thy flight, so rare thy brain!
'Tis thine to soar, 'tis thine to reach the top
Where speech "distilled" becomes "one burning drop,"
Where "neath thy feet the dew begins to fall,"
And, nature, powerless, crowns thee lord of all.

A shriek! earths' echoes wake! the long bow bends!
And, from the hills, the bandit bard descends!
"Up hands, weazen knaves!— the king's?" ('tis clear
King Edward's likeness cuts no figure here)—
"Out with the pack!—Polaris greets the day!
Nor Alexander's humor brooks delay!—
Some sterling nymph shall yet invoke my pen
To this wild venture ere day dawns again."
'Tis done: and clanging hoof and sounding rill
Echo the night's exploit to College Hill.
Waked from his kenneled sleep the watch-dog howls,
And Sugar Loaf lets loose her startled owls;
The Oriental, but half slumb'ring, hears,
Bethinks it some disturbance of the spheres,
Some shattered star, mayhap, whose sickly hue
Proclaims its fall, and, (in a sense) how true!
Silence opprobrious tongues! he was but dust!
Nor heap disdain upon his shivered bust.
The tempter tempted, give the devil his dues,
Though, honour lost, there's not much left to lose.
Round Scotia's pride a shroud of darkness falls,
And Xavier, trembling weeps above the walls,
And e'er shall weep! though festal days may come
Its sorrowed cadence never shall be dumb,
Nor all the tongues that quit Meneely's blast
Might e'er revoke the dirge or cancel what is past.

Laud him, ye shrimps, nor overlook the time!
When Alex. rants, why should not Jenkins rhyme?
The days are hastening on when naught can save
Nor scribe nor scribbler from an equal grave,
Though grandma ne'er made fritters half so fast
As his Torontian chants and odes are cast
Who deep and tedious thought a bore bedeem,
And, what his brains refuse, turns out by steam.
In long-drawn strains his peerless lyrics break,
Such matchless notes as love-sick cats awake
When gentle Tab to Tom displays her charms
And the dull moon lights up the neighboring farms.
Yea, frame thy luckless lyrics till the spell
That first absorded thee heralds thy farewell,
Nor haste thine exit—for, by all that's past,
Succeeding bards are senseless as the last.

Hot-foot for fame, yet labouring 'neath his load,
St. Joseph's wonted rhymster takes the road;
"Marian Songs and Sonnets" —what a burst!
O'Neil's last work, and, till his next, his worst.
All praise to honest effort, for the theme
Is far beyond a wavering mortal's dream,
Did genius labour, cold must be the strain
Where courts celestial touch their harps in vain.
Behold whole stanzas like old houses propped,
Long syllables prolonged and vowels lopped;
The midnight skies with costliest purple glow,
And countless Kilima-Njaros hourly grow.
Phenomenae unnumbered! such appear,
One wonders if the Judgment Day be near—
Where will it end? God knows! the next mad lay
May tell of toad-stools in the Milky Way.
Yea, things more wond'rous still they may entail,
For fools portray where master-hands must fail.

No marvel proud Parnassus' sides are wan,
Her fountains voiceless, and her virgins gone!
What age, howe'er so barbarous, quick to please,
Would ever tolerate such bards as these?
Long-suffering Pallas hangs her weeping head,
Grieving that all is senseless, soulless, dead —
Not for an age a line that merits praise,
Or one poor singer worthy of his bays.

In other lands and at an earlier day,
When critics were more virtuous, one might say:
Let him who strikes his country's harp beware
Lest wit be absent and but jangle there;
Conform to facts; let truth triumphant shine
Through ev'ry well-cut aphoristic line.
Here, Campbell erred! behold his tales expand
From vague "Pompeii" down to "Hildebrand."
Exiled, yet peerless Gregory, best of men,
Was thy name tarnished by a bigot's pen?
No! for the hand that smote left its own stain,
His quill was voiceless, and his efforts vain
"Thou land for gods!"—What gods would seek to dwell
Where dullness reigns and fools alone excel,
Where merit moves an uninvited guest,
And he, who scribbles worst, is reckoned best?
"Thou land of gods!"—yea, gods of blackest breed
Howl from the hills, and shake the withered mead;
From far Ottawa's source, "from deeps to deep"
Bleak-bearded bogles yell from ev'ry steep,
Lean-visaged gnomes and sleek-mawed ghouls conspire,
And Campbell swells the chorus with his lyre.
"Brave home of freemen!"—yea, when shackles fall
And men have learned to walk who love to crawl;
When genuine wit, not pride of place, is sought;
And man is loved for virtue not for lot;

When fell corruption sees its conquests past
And honest efforts crown the land at last.
Back to thy desert, wanton! let the hill
Thou deem'st divine be thy Parnassus still
For little recks it: such have stood the test:
Critics applaud: and chaplets do the rest.

On all sides so! behold ambition soar
Where broad Oogoodi laves its peaceful shore;
Where 'neath tall elms, the mad expectants throng
And the celestial city melts in song.
The flag is drawn: the black crowd seething turns:
And Scotland's patriots hail the form of Burns.
Nor Belle's fair fingers scarce have bared the prize,
Ere, harps are strung, and bards like mushrooms rise.
And, foremost from St. Andrews, Lang appears:
Fraser looks vexed: but Crocket lends his ears:
The populace applauds (it knows not why),
And Crocket shouts to swell the vulgar cry.
Eleven hobbling stanzas! 'twere enough
To make Apollo take a pinch of snuff
But Hannay lists it with elated brows,
Doffs to his own morbific ode, and bows.
Unmeaning wantons follow, yet more dense,
Supreme in all things save in common sense.
Foresworn to nonsense, each one plays his part
And dubs all others troglodytes of art
Forgetful of his own misshapen lays,
Fools for applause, and cabbage leaves for bays.
Where art thou Whelan? thou who sung'st of yore
Of our dear hills and Brunswick's sounding shore?
Hast thou no pen? the robin still is here,
And song-birds chirp the earliest of the year:
The daisies' fragrance scarce hath left the glen—
Strike thy wild harp and bid it live again!

Twine its fair leaves with our New Brunswick ferns,
And place thy tribute at the feet of Burns—
Some genuine lines, wild warblings of the skies,
That the great bard himself will not despise.

Beneath the sutures of his echoing pan
What strenuous thoughts arise to torture man!
These e'en Herculean Bobby must admit
And take emetics to discharge his wit.
Week after week the labouring load descends,
Wearying himself and worrying his friends.
No wonder "Leira" tired of life and fled
And Niobe "in shame" held down her head;
No wonder all "the Fates" are given to weep,
And roll their briny rivers to the deep.
"Vox de Profundis"— 'tis too deep for me,
I yield the sounding led to Bantum B.!
A mass that lacks correctness, a design
That proved the hapless botch in ev'ry line,
Where jargon wed with jangle holds the scale,
And, Nonsense called to trial, refuses bail.
Dream on unhappy bard, nor yet in vain,
Crazed by the moving-pictures of the brain,
And, oft deserted by your shadowy bands,
Pilfer the labour of more skilful hands,
Forge a long tale of Mozart got by rote,
And bid renowned Prometheus ride the goat--
Such traits as these can approbation gain
Where Pope might plead for listeners in vain.
Charmed by the cobwebs of the Western Wing,
Thy succedaneum, Lizzie, deigns to sing
A perfect song (I swear), if not misplaced,
If Scott were spared, and Milton undefaced.
Unnumbered jimmies strew his table round,
And Henry Wadsworth lies upon the ground —

O, injured bard! but little Bryden recks —
The "Curfew Bell" is swung from St. F. X. .

Misguided botches! how they clog the place,
Each with the mask of genius on his face!
Nor Hecate with all her potent teas,
Might, for one moment, banish the disease,
The nincompoopian fever still would spread
And pass its sluggish germs from head to head.

"Messiah," Alex's tribute, stanzas seven,
Thrust from below, up, up (perhaps to heaven),
But, midway, sidetracked, Sulla, as of yore,
Hands him the prize and bids him write no more.

Ye men of mightier minds whose power to see
Surpasses creed, say, what is misery?
Speak Tompkins, you whose reasons though unsound
Have others as conclusive — Sir, expound!
Clean-shaven sages, answer as ye would
I say 'tis misplaced man and woman-hood.

And who more heavenly inspiration needs
Than they who mount Apollo's wingëd steeds?
Ask Thompson, kicked until he howls with pains,
And Bantum Bobby dragging by the reins.

List to the ceaseless promptings of the mind;
Mortals may err: but nature is not blind.
Ev'n as the burning sun's far scattered rays
Verge to the glass and form a single blaze,
So, nature's promptings, varied, as we know,
Tend to one point however mortals go,
Where so-e'er winds the path she leads the way,
And they alone are blameless who obey:

This to the sceptre; that to delve the soil;
Each to his separate lot — but all, to toil.
How many, helmless, run to this and this —
God only knows the myrmidons who miss!
Consider well; bid prejudice depart;
And search the hidden chambers of the heart;
And if, all inclinations wisely weighed,
She bids thee grasp the pick-ax or the spade —
Be not deceived! there thy best labours tend:
Mock not her council, nor despise the end!
Thou canst not fail, nor, yet a slave to fear,
Begin in trembling, for the path is clear.
But, if, impelled by motives doubly strong,
She bids thee sing thy country's deathless song —
String the glad harp! 'twill wake at thy command
And yield its treasured sweetness to the land.
Let those who dote on seeming still pursue
Their favourite phantoms, voiceless, and untrue:
'Tis thine to sound the hidden depths of art
Where others founded ere the shores depart.

How many, led by folly, blindly spurn
God's sage decrees and shake their own mad urn,
From this to that in wild delirium speed,
And seek in various callings to succeed!
Farmers mann pulpits; lawyers delve the mine;
Smiths deal in sheep; and doctors raise the vine.
Nature, outraged, deplores their wand'ring wits
And sees a hundred out for one that fits
Counsels at first, but, if ungoverned still,
Bids the proud outlaw take what course he will.
If these in their true work would but infuse
The toil that misdirected they abuse,
And, given to better labours, seek renoun
By building up instead of tearing down,

Then would we have true progress, for, indeed,
Though some would fail, the many would succeed.

He errs as well, to prejudice a prey,
Where ignorance, whole, or partial, clouds the way;
Self-maimed, he scans, reads only to despise,
Nor feels the tingling thistle gall his eyes,
Proffers unproved assertions, wild comment,
And declamation without argument,
Unheard of censures, void of ev'ry shame,
With moderation nothing but a name —
Till hatred, last, fell-sprung from bastard ire,
Consigns the half-read pages to the fire
Behold him rage, and belch with reckless mien
The ungoverned threats of lordliness and spleen,
Cry "Courts of Law" and "libel," nor delay,
With Cameron's aid, to cancel a B. A. .
Thrice mighty threatener, one who boasts the pelf
Of wisdom's lore, yet, cannot rule himself,
Whose biased mind sees morals quashed in rhyme
As if, to picture vice · half a crime,
Who, superficial, dot[illegible] facial glow,
And scorns the priceless soul that shines below —
Methinks scholastic hours too idly hung
That failed to mould the temper and the tongue.
Unthinking man! aim higher! what were this?
Take, if you can, the treasures I shall miss!
Deprive me of those joys that please me most,
What contemplation gives,— and you may boast!
Both pity and forgiveness were thine
Were I your enemy as you are mine,
For, such unequalled baseness would disarm
An honest foe and save the wretch from harm.
I grant you still some freedom to abuse —
What are you? hypocrite or coward? choose!

Your best friends doubt your leanings little loth
To blend the two and credit you with both:
To me, your actions quite consistent run,
Your conduct and your character are *one*.
Cast off the wretched mask, the useless skin,
That fails to hide the sickly thing within!
Speak out to your opponent if you can,
With the address and spirit of a man!
If virtue lack, assume a gentle air,
And show, at least, in surface, you are fair!
Tell him you were deceived, if it were such,
And raise your understanding by so much.
Seek through the world, nor will it fail to show
That all would fain be first, however slow;
Yet for the one who unto fame attains,
A million bite the dust for lack of brains
Numbers, 'tis true, seem set in honour's hall
But Time forgets them ere their tomb-stones fall.
Since Satan first put forth his battle-cry,
When did Pride hold her bastard head so high?
What time did base presumption make such strides,
And lead so many gods in asses hides?
Never 'twas hers such mighty realms to sway
As marks her confines at the present day.
God help the wretch whose censures but disclose
His lack of meaning wrapped in crippled prose,
Whose callused pen but shows to brighter view
The would-be judge the denser of the two—
Who scans an ode like children, for the sound,
And cares but little if the verse be round,
Sees petty faults, condemns each flaw of tense,
And damns the whole regardless of the sense—
A hapless botch, who, quick to cast a stone,
Sees others' breaks, yet cannot mend his own.
On ev'ry side behold his minions skilled

To mar and shatter what they cannot build;
To cheapen worth they ne'er may hope to mould,
And undo pow'r that far transcends their hold.
Degenerate man! the unreasoning beast discerns
The path impassable, and timely turns;
But you, alone, out-face the tempest's frown,
And, in mad recklessness, art stricken down.
The uncouth ox beholds the eagles fly,
Nor longs for wings to cleave the cloudless sky!
Why stubbornly persist? Why stoop to wrath
When nature bids thee take another path?
Far better, thus debauched, to change thy plans
And earn an honest wage by peddling cans.

Would'st have the blockhead's praise, then court the ghoul,
Harp his dull notes and imitate the owl;
Rise but a jot beyond the vulgar pace,
And fifty asses hoofs are in your face;
Sing but the humblest note that augurs true,
And owls, ghouls, cranes, and crakes are after you.

To praise, where undeserved, were as untrue
As to unjustly blame where credit's due.
Say Canada, when was it thine to boast
Two genuine singers in an age at most?
Thine uninviting hillsides scarce allow
The furrowed onslaught of the stubborn plough,
Yet, one thing holds, be harvests more or less
The laurel crop is ever in excess!
Whole troops of rhymsters, packed with verse, contend,
And, headless laureates rise up without end;
Ten thousand Austens, Austen-like, appear—
England boasts one, but ours are countless here.
So fall'n is taste, it now prepares the crown
To pamper influence and keep merit down,

Fondles dull fools, and twines the sacred bough
To weave its treasures round a block-head's brow.
Out with the sign! What sage would seek to wear
The head-dress of a fool, however fair?
Bid the sad willow lend its drooping leaf,
And weave the chaplet with the badge of grief.

Time was when critics served a noble end
And each reviewer was the poet's friend!
Time was—but why recall the vanished past?
A bright-winged age, too golden-hued to last!
When, hearts more generous, wits more truly wise,
Taught the legitimate singer how to rise,
Ere blear-eyed envy, double-maliced, stole
From Hade's depths to shackle ev'ry soul.
Then, in that age, exact, nor overnice,
Merit was sought, and error giv'n advice.
From a strong arm the bolts of censure fell,
But, if deserving, they could praise as well,
Then Homer through Ionian villas sung,
And Sappho warbled in her matchless tongue,
Eugammon and Arctinus smote the lyre,
And Hesiod's harp rang out the living fire—
Ere nature's laws unchangeable made way
And superficial fashions ruled the day.
O, for the times when trifles did not kill,
And carpers jibes were but ephemeral!
Scarce the dead offspring dropped from Envy's womb,
Ere Justice angered, dragged it to its tomb—
But, now, the rank abortion charms the heart,
And, toadys nurse it till it falls apart.

Let's from the mad acephalous change the strain
To those who struck the harp, nor smote in vain,
Whose deathless songs, in many a matchless lay

Sway the dull heart, nor e'er shall cease to sway.
And, foremost, nature's rugged minstrel, see,
The massive bard of cold sublimity,
Grey-bearded Bryant—him whose page bespeaks
The boundless prairies and the cloud-capped steeps.
The dim-voiced trackless forest, and the roar
Of far-flung waves on ocean's rock-ribbed shore.
Go glean from Thanatopsis how to live
That death's dread hour no lasting pangs shall give.
How through the lapse of time, our woes may part,
And sorrow weigh less heavy on the heart;
And learn from his inexorable past
To make life's dearest treasures yours, at last.

Belovëd Wadsworth! thy soft numbers fall
Like benedictions on the hearts of all,
Arousing down-fall'n man to curb despair,
To rise again, and, rising, doubly dare,
To labour and to wait, with hope new-giv'n,
And guide the storm-tossed barkentine to heaven.
They pleased me when a boy, when as ere yet
Time taught me to remember, not forget,
Ere scenes, less genial, met my wakened gaze,
And I had known the griefs of sterner days,
Ere man, God's highest creature, most unkind,
Showed me, too late, how much I'd left behind.
Ev'n like the Indian hunter, I too, stand
With unstrung bow, a stranger in the land,

Gazing on fields delightless, torn with pain
To think so much is lost so little doth remain.
Bard of the people! many a soul shall rise
Ennobled, by thy verse to calmer skies,
For life's great want, as all mankind attest,
Is someone who will make us do our best,

And, many a chastened spirit stoop to tell,
O'er Wadsworth's grave, how he had sung so well.

Dear southern warbler, could I pass thee by
Nor list thy sobbings with a tearless eye!
The saddest notes that fallen man e'er kenned,
Thy heart hath felt them, and thy fingers penned.
'Tis thus their story runneth — who might read
The bleeding tale, nor inward fail to bleed?
He wooed to win, he won, alas! to lose, --
Two paths were open: Duty bid him choose:
The one, with love, and flow'rs and fragrance gay,
And countless pleasures, lured him to delay;
The other, filled with crosses, thorns and tears,
Led on to endless joys through endless years.
He chose the latter conscious of its woes:
She, in the dim-lit cloister, sought repose:
True to their God and to each other true,
Their pure hearts beat, though crushed with sadness through.
Nor, marvel not, if through his song appears
The beauteous form he loved in earlier years!
Were 't not for Beatrice, who can say
That Dante e'er had sung his glorious lay,
Were 't not for this we ne'er had known the strain
That soothes, yet saddens, mingling joy with pain.
O, Sacrifice, thy fairest blossoms twine
O'er Merlin and Ullainee — both were thine!

Rarely, Hibernia, was it thine, to lose
At one fell stroke a patron and a muse.
Ungodly England sweeps thy lov'ly vales,
But here, alas! a traiterous son assails,
Trains with a felon's hand the murderous blow
And lays the foremost of Canadians low.
Why weep, down-trodden isle? thine eyes are red

From long-lamenting o'er thy martyred dead,
Thy lot is tribulation, though unstained,
And Destiny, not England, keeps thee chained.
She moulds her fetters, shouts from zone to zone
Her vaunted freedom yet enslaves her own
Mayhap, like good Aeneas, driving to act
That Ireland's virgin faith be kept intact.

Sad is the task to watch the less'ning breath
From youthful lips that soon must close in death,
To catch the last faint lingering gleams that dwell
Within the eyes of one we loved so well,
To kiss the pale still form, that naught could save,
And place our dear lost treasure in the grave.
How sad! they of the many best can say
Who saw poor suffering Bransfield pass away,
Yet, happy he! to have escoped the jibes
Of Xavier's menials and her band of scribes,
Unsatiate wolves, that train the bloody tongue
And cruel fangs to mangle their own young,
Who, soon, had torn piecemeal his tuneful lyre
And damned his boyish out-put to the fire.
A youth he was too virtuous and sincere
To linger long in this corrupted sphere,
Whom, had relentless fate not snatched away,
His muse, full-grown, had sung a deathless lay.
A few sad notes fell softly from the string
Like morning snow-flakes, and his soul took wing—
A few sad notes of all we might have known
Had pitiless heaven not marked him for her own.

Close by the evening blaze sweet voices sound,
And childish laughter makes its cheerful round,
Mirth wanders unconfined from face to face
In all its mild simplicity of grace.

How sweet the time, ere dull convention reigns,
And godless fashion holds the heart in chains!
How dear! in many a tender line revealed
Go search the works of philanthropic Field!
Quit for one hour the restless haunts of men,
And live your vanished childhood o'er again:
Join in the sports where innocence hath sway,
Let fly the ball, and race the flow'ry way:
Give up the mad unsatiate search for gold,
And, for one day, forget your growing old.

Let him who dotes on riper charms resign
Field's tender muse for Scollard's lyric line,
Where whisp'ring groves and nectar-breathing flow'r
Invite the lover to his mistress' bow'r,
Where star-lit skies and crescent moons survey
Young charms too tender for the blaze of day.

O, love, thou art indeed the subtlest fire
That e'er invoked a muse or strung a lyre!
All passions, howso varied, spring from thee,
Nor, aught that is, without thee, e'er could be.
Here Robert's wond'rous pen imbued its flame,
And gained its scribe a chaplet and a name;
Here Carmen, too, arranged the scattered leaves,
And bound his golden gleanings into sheaves.

One once I knew, well-skilled, though last of men
To wield the poets' or the critic's pen,
Whom, just discernment, fashioned to revere
True excellence wherever it appear,
Nor, at his own wit felt delight alone,
But recognized some merit not his own.
And thou, dear one, who early taught to sing
My aspiring muse and pruned its tender wing,

Nor, slow to praise, nor, overquick to blame,
Knew honour's worth and virtue more than fame,
Who, when the whole world jeered and stood apart,
Came with sweet words and soothed my saddened heart,
Happy to know thou still might'st share my pain
Though bent with thine own sorrows, nor complain
Soul of my soul! hadst thou escaped their spleen,
The cut-throats still had lied nor answered been.
Ronald! the one bright link of that long chain
Time could not break nor prove of baser grain
Thy spirit holds me still! nor e'er shall wend
While God and truth are one, dear absent friend!
Where e'er I roam in fields, or flow'ry glen,
Earth calls those dear-loved liniaments again.
And, oft-times, when the nightly skies unfold
Their glittering sparks, and light their orb of gold,
And the brown hawk wheels silent o'er the hill -
Remembrance speaks, and I am with thee still.
All, all, I ken, nor lengthening mile on mile
Breaks the bright scene or checks its joys the while.
The dim-lit room; the pictured faces tall;
And the brown maps that decorate the wall;
The well-kept table; books of richest dye,
Scholastic codes, and Dante's works near by.
Once more I wend through Stygian marshes dank,
Climb the dark crags, or near the lurid bank,
List to the sad despairing cries of woe
From souls half-merged in Acheron's inkly flow,
Or, tearful, pause, while some lone suff'rer nears
To wail the wasted hours of vanished years.
Once more I note the invading Greeks destroy
The war-scarred battlements of ancient Troy,
Gods clash with gods, till Juno's vengenace falls
And drags grim Hector round the flaming walls.
Or, from the deep tempestuous, scan the shore

Where Carthage stood and Dido ruled of yore:
Note the divining Sibyll's stern commands:
Or march with Caesar through barabrian lands:
Made yet more vivid that thou lead'st the way
And bid'st the dull imagination play.
And though, dear one, I oft would wish thee near
When hope hangs low and threatening clouds appear,
Sweet thought to know, when lingering life seems vain,
Smiles follow tears and pleasure springs from pain
Thank God for woe! we ne'er had known the bliss
Of beauteous heaven foretasted, but for this.
He knew full well the worth of boyhood lays,
A carper's censure or a block-head's praise,
Full well he taught, rebuked or praised in turn,
Anxious to aid whoever sought to learn —
Ev'n now, methinks his kindly presence near,
Ev'n now the well-tuned accents strike the ear:
Be master of thine instrument, nor fail
To grasp the silvery notes of ev'ry scale;
If elegy absorb thee, breathe of woe
Through the sad minor's unharmoneous flow;
If love, the rippling major pictures best
The gentle whisper and the answering breast.
Rise, while ere yet the lessening stars are gone
From the far hill-tops dappled with the dawn,
While yet the flickering fire-fly's twinkling light
And the owl's dreary hoot prolongs the night:
High Jove invoked, his fostering daughters stand
To list thy bidding, and to guide thy hand:
Calliope, whom gifted Orpheus knew,
Presents a tattered epic to the view;
Clio unrolls the dark historic page,
Rich with the crowned exploits of ev'ry age;
Breathing of joy Euterpe's flute is heard,
And Erato's soft lyre and amorous word;

Melpomene with blood-dyed parchment nears
With chaste Urania, peerless 'mid her peers;
Muse of the midnight revel and the dance,
Lightest of foot, Thalia meets the glance;
Polymnia's lips o'erflow with sweetest song;
And fair Terpsichore bears the drama on.
Thus, to the task, with muse and shining quill,
Make your best thoughts subservient to your will:
Cut out, correct, insert, expand, define,
Dread not the inverted style, and interline,
And, if, at times, far-sought invention fails,
Scratch the dull head and bite the tingling nails.
But hold, my loved one! don't let Thompson know!
He'll dub you base, abscene, immoral, low,
With nine sweet maids you scarcely may escape
The regal law-court and the charge of rape.
Dark eyes, light limbs, pure breasts, and shining hair,
Are so suggestive, danger may be there!
Forwarned, forearmed; avoid his slumb'ring ire
And save your reputation from the fire.
At last, time flown, the thing ad finem drawn,
The last line scribbled, and the virgins gone,
Before you publish let it rest a spell,
A few months hence it may not read so well,
What now to all intents, might rival Will,
May fall to Campbell's plain, or, lower still,
Some seeming couplet, passing fair for much,
May show the crippled foot and wabbling crutch.
This, that with genuine wit seemed so profound,
May lose its savor, and show naught but sound.
And that, inserted but to please the eye,
Assert its vagrant rights and be put by.
This done: when pruned, and weeded and cut down,
It greets your fancy in a brighter gown
Be not in haste! your nicest judgment's due

Others will judge less leniently of you.
At last, when sound no longer wars with sense,
And ev'ry ambiguous phrase is rooted hence,
When, point and dash, well-placed, nor over-wrought,
Compels the dissenting mind to grasp the thought,
And all seems perfect as Ben Johnson's toast—
Convey the pack to Dunivan by post.
But, hold a proof; it may not reach his hand,
There are so many pilferers in the land!
Nor stoop, though modern pedagogues presume,
To cloud your product with a nom-de-plume:
The appellation "Student" failed to save
Our lordly Grecian from a dunce's grave.
Let craven dastards such base weapons wield
Who strike from ambush and despise the field,
Their bleak and shadowy armour serve them well
To do dark deeds and act the part of hell,
Void of true strength, they dare not show their fists,
But sneak like Rudolph's rival from the lists.
'Tis yours, nor aught can make it more or less
Though carpers rail and goodly friends caress,
On its intrinsic merit it must stand,
To patch old plaster or delight the land,
And, like a newly-wedded wife, your verse
Will claing for aye, for better or for worse.
Prepare for censure! flattery plays no part
With him who stands pre-eminent in his art:
Be sure when published, philanthropic Slew
Will dub it "sissy verse" and "peek-a-boo,"
And Tompkins, with forced vigor pipe Kaká—
For hens will cackle though they fail to lay.
In him, new-formed, the outraged singer sees
The pampered son of just Diogenes
Whose misanthropic tendencies befit
His cramped yet currish pen to war on wit,

As elegant and accurate as his sire
With all a wit should lack or fool desire.
Through the world's varied zones, behold the prey
By countless myriads waged from day to day,
One fierce perpetual struggle, to prolong
Life's flickering spark and shield it from the strong:
The deep-voiced cougar fells the trembling deer,
But, called to forage, never meets his peer:
Down from the fastness of the tow'ring rock
The eagle falls upon the lesser hawk:
The broad-finned shark pursues the weaker fry,
Passing whole hordes of greater fishes by -
But all reverses: midst the rhyming race
The truly great are worried by the base.

Nor thus confined corruption mounts its throne,
But spreads from sun to sun, from zone to zone,
In ev'ry land beholds its banners set,
And dreams of brighter conquests, vaster yet.
Were vices e'er more prevalent than now?
What time did Avarice bear as bold a brow?
Look round you! heed the settings of the times!
And read the rich man's itchings through his crimes!
On ev'ry side the niggard fingers strain,
Crooked to a mad desire of Godless gain.
So sordid, some would fence the world about,
Grasp all within, and kick all mortals out,
Careless of aught, so they alone excel,
Reckless of death or judgment, heaven or hell.
The incestuous wretch, the murderer and the thief
Are quick acquitted by a golden brief,
If rich, the conscious jury's verdict's sure,
But prison walls await them if they're poor.
Whom God hath joined grey judges separate,
And weave with green-backs brighter webs than fate;

And churchmen, labouring 'neath a gilded rod,
Preach dollars first and then Almighty God;
Slick-visaged politicians hound and dun,
And politics and pocketics are one—
No passion theirs, to save, but to disburse
The hard-earned lucre of the public purse.
Let's outrage all the maybe, and suppose
A miracle that time may yet disclose—
That, willingly disgraced, they may atone
And some small sense of their dishonour own,
May feel some spark of shame within the breast,
And stand o'erwhelmed with ruin, self-confessed,
Their faces then would speak the life they led,
And all their jabbering menials cheeks turn red.
To female virtue or a nation's fame
Descent from strict punctilio were the same,
An equal danger waits the smallest break,
And all, or one, a common risk must take.
The maid who in an evil hour permits
A single liberty, the fault commits,
And having sinned, with virtue in the drop,
Still sins the more nor knows not where to stop,
Till inclination's to submission bent
And ev'ry step but hastens the descent.
The clear unblemished nature comprehends
Integrity that ne'er to wrong descends,
That neither offers injury, nor submits
To injury offered, or by fools or wits,
And, whether the gift of one alone or all,
On this depends a nation's rise or fall.
Credit enriches, public mete secures,
And, while these last, the country's fame endures.
Just as the eagle, flashing from the skies,
Borne by his glittering pinions still may rise
Till some stray shaft undoes his royal mirth

Cripples his wings and fixes him to earth—
Ev'n so the form of govenrment's embossed,
Fated to rule till public favour's lost.
Appearance oft suspicion justifies,
And, where 'tis so, the right of search implies.
Let's enter in with candor to the task
And moderation grant what she may ask,
Though driven to resolution, bind the soul
To act with firmness tempered with control,
For such, and such alone, support assures
And guarantees persistence that endures—
The ministerial state may truly claim
Its due respect, though all else merit blame.
Behold the output of yon hoary halls
Where dark-browed Douglas scowls upon the walls;
In his bright eye just indignation shines
The while Sweet William lays his sunken mines,
While young Napoleon leads his veteran ranks,
And the Welsh hero bombards all the banks—
Seems as if fired with life he would descend,
Leap from the living canvas to defend!
Railways and by-ways wrecked from shore to shore,
Woods, villas, churches,—hell could scarce do more;
On every hill the fires of ruin glow,
And ruthless desolation reigns below.
All men are patient, hopeful of redress,
Despair alone will drive them to excess.
Then, indignation, hurried into rage,
Like a mad lion, leaps its shattered cage,
Falls on the mean aggressors with a roar,
And shakes the tottering land from shore to shore.
Change upon change, till last we so descend
To that sad state that scarcely change can mend:
Nor circumstances casual e'er concur
To lead to that which nothing can deter:

No! those who govern, who misrule the state,
Alone can make a people desperate!

See France, the land of desecrated hearths,
By twenty-thousand deaths exceed her births,
Condemned, by her unnatural crimes to hug,
A lifeless image or a hideous pug,
The wage of beastly sins, which, but to name,
Should fill her hearts and dastard minds with shame:
Without reserve, commingling dust with dust,
One grand and glorious universal lust.
Such is the conflict Socialists would wage
To curb the turbulent spirit of the age:
For marriage worse than prostitution give
And teach mankind like sordid beasts to live;
To love like Marks, like Aveling to confide,
And, driven to desperation, suicide.
Such is the muse that waked le Gallienne's lyre,
That prompted Trine to sing her "heart's desire,"
To heroize a Herron, and command
The hierling praise and lucre of a Rand.
Nor she alone! beneath our own fair skies
To countless gods the vilest orgies rise!

Talk not of France, nor turn the sleazy hand
To her who drives Christ's chosen from the land—
She owns her idols, carves from flesh and bone
Her countless gods and worships these alone—
But we! What are we better, who, in lieu
Of pagan frost, serve God and Mammon too?
Reason is God, and God-like deified,
And what she cannot fathom is denied
Led by the wand'ring spirit of the age
Methinks, 'twere not too forward to presage,
That, drifting still awry, we cannot fail

In ripened time to bow the knee to Baal,
To smash our altars, fire the Sacred Tome,
And raise once more the gods of pagan Rome.

Dice like grim death bids all distinctions end
And paupers rise in wealth and kings descend.
Enter the gambling dens, where fools and fakes
Sit with bleard faces round the glowing stakes:
The wild pulse throbs; the eyes with madness shine;
And fool-men raise them higher yet with wine.
Purses to packets, packs to bundles grow,
Homes are at quest, and goodly acres go.
The unlucky wretch beholds his fortune lost,
Curses his lot, but reckons not the cost,
Goes onward still, earns, borrows, begs, or steals.
Blind to his folly, deaf to all appeals,
Untouched by children's sobs or housewife's tears
He sees his castles tumble while he rears,
Till last, borne on by ecstasy's dark wave,
He sinks into the mad-house or the grave.

Say, when were drunkards so fastidious grown
That naught but vodka, quenched their thirst alone?
Wine, brandy, whiskey, all the fuddling fry
Take small effect—pass on to Russian rye!
In jeopardy twice put! What answer? Come!
Lordlings are meek, and millionaires are dumb.
Egregious block-heads, product of a time
When men grown piglike love to roll in slime,
Slaves of the bubbling cup, this is your age—
Trim up the foot-lights, and adorn the stage!
Let ev'ry actor take his wonted place,
Fire in the eye, and rouge upon the face—
Uncork your bottles! let the play begin!
Indictment? pooh! embracery shall win!

The curtain leaps: the glorious farce is on:
Behold the "Scott Act": rum; and honest John;
Hotels, saloons, inns, taverns, shops, and stores,
Dwellings, and shacks—with wide and widening doors.
No cry for license! Pay your fine, and then,
Some three months after, pay the same again.
Is that a cross? one year, four fifties? right!
We'd make two hundred in a single night.—
And since 'tis so, what verdict can he claim,
Who, through base pilfering, is himself to blame?
Juries not only try a fact as true,
But test the credit of the witness, too.

Extremes in all things! Vanity and pride
No less than lucre roll their gathering tide,
Draw from the mass their hordes of sickly slaves
And bear them onward with resistless waves;
Plumes, laces, frills, silks, satins play their part,
And nature owns the blandishments of art—
Or, swept aside, reveal the snowy breast,
The long white arms, paints, powders, and the rest,
Proving the well-tried aphorism true,
And giving Pope, the first of bards, his due.
Boast of our civilization, yet, 'tis clear
Our educational system's out of gear,
Still grating on the jagged cogs it moves,
With stifling nature groaning in the grooves,
Takes no cognizance of the varying mind
And varying tastes, but all are of a kind.
Yet, else, not so: the pacer learns to pace;
And so the heavy work-horse has his place;
The hound is taught how best to scent the prey;
The house-dog learns to keep the thieves away—
But, when we raise in nature to the child,
Vocation's spurned, and everything runs wild.

Reckless of soul, of brain, of temperament,
Each, all, are on the self-same mission sent,
Though each, some separate calling would pursue
And do what disposition bids him do.
Well used by man, and limited to state,
God's gifts ne'er injure the recipient,
But genius, misdirected, always tends
To cancel means and nullify the ends.
Like a good ship, while wisdom points the way
Along the beaten path, she cannot stray,
Though storms arise and wind and waters roar,
The tempest past, she nears her destined shore.—
But if a mad-man steer, the tiller balks,
And, with a crash, she strikes upon the rocks.

Would you have fame? then spurn an honest life,
Give lust full scope, be ev'ry passion rife,
Make love to others' wives, ring in their pelf,
And love your neighbour better than yourself,
Study vile tact, and learn to lie with ease—
Truth is a sham, and honesty disease!
Dare to do deeds, for these alone are well,
That merit hanging or a convict's sell.
If robbery be your turn, stint not your hand,
Aim at a railroad or a tract of land!
Shoot whom you will, but overlook the deer—
Such crimes as that are punishable here.
Degenerate days! so fallen, we alone
May boast Rome's hoarded baseness and our own,
Who build on low-born selfishness and ease,
And wreck our God-giv'n temples with disease.
Crimes multiply, remorse, in shame departs,
And thunders at the doors of pulseless hearts.
Unsullied reputation's widely sought,
And long-lived virtue comes at last to naught:

The virgin sees her priceless blossoms fade,
And, matrons fare no better than the maid;
Old faithful guardians of their country's fame
Behold their honour stigmatized with shame;
And, spotless youth that ever bore him well,
Bears the false impress and the print of hell—
Oft-times by those whose very nearness taints,
Whose piled-up rottenness would corrupt the saints.
No myth! no fable! let who will dispute,
Demosthenes himself could not refute!
Alas, for trampled character and worth,
Their broken statues sink into the earth,
While ignominious idols daily rise
Pointing their lying fingers to the skies.
So fallen and so sensuous are the times
We spurn the truth, and glory in our crimes,
Raise palsied fingers o'er our twisted sight
And prove that white is black and black is white.
No marvel critics err! no marvel they
Turn ass, dog, owl, or idiot, in a day!
Progressive age! inventive age! 'tis true!
But Vice, exhausted, patents nothing new!

Arise my country, while as yet
The demon howls within its caves!
Arise ere Freedom's glories set
And all are slaves!

Unfurl the banner of our rights
From sky to sky, from hill to hill:
The spark that lit our fathers' fights
Is living still!

Are ye not men? and do ye give
No proof of life but vulgar breath?

'Twere better far to cease to live
When life is death.

Our land a charnel-house of crime:
Our liberty an empty show:
Hell upon earth before its time:
And ——— not a blow!

Behold, the Old Year shades its eyes
To gaze upon a troubled shore;
Alas! Old Year! when honour dies,
Why look for more?

Adieu, Old Year! the crimson fades,
The twilight darkens into night,
A night tempestuous, and the glades
Are wrapped from sight;

The owlet whoops, the wild wind moans,
Old trees are shaken to their boles,
And graves disclose the withered bones
That *once* had souls.

No answer? God! so fall'n! so base!
No voice to bid the thund'rer pause
No arm to strike for time, and place,
And broken laws?

For him, who, bent with lawless tax,
Beholds his wrongs with beaded brow,
Stern wielder of the iron ax
And stubborn plough?

For her, whom proud ambition fires
To glory in an upright son,

To know him honest as his sires,
And, nobler, none?

Our land invaded! virtue stained!
Our pockets empty as our grange!
Our daughters' sacred shrines profaned!
That hell may range.

Courage! the sun begins to rise;
The night is past; the dawn is here;
The hectic flush is on the skies;
The battle, near.

Courage! the clatt'ring squadrons come,
Our valiant heroes cannot fail,
The bugle and the echoing drum
Tell sweetest tale.

The fight is fought; the day is ours;
The foe in shattered ranks retreat:
Bring the green leaves, and purple flow'rs,
And fragrant wheat;

Bring the bright berries from the bough
Of last-year's hawthorn, and the vine,
And let the roddan's clusters now
In glory shine.

Too bright an ending for dark hopes, I fear,
The skies, o'er ·st so long, may never clear,
And we, like demons who refused the light,
Be plunged forever in perpetual night.

But lo, objections! Say, what art thou, fool,
To cope with all this folly and misrule?

What art thou better than the stubborn pack
Whose crimes and imperfections you attack?
Nature to thee denied her glorious praise
Through noble verse poor fallen man to raise!
Why do you murmur? Do you claim the fire
That kindled Gifford's reeds, or Dryden's lyre?
Hope you, in sooth, successful to assail
Where Pope and Byron struggled but to fail?
Or bid their clattering thunders boom again,
And give a second Dunciad to men? —
Away, presumptuous thought! As well to seek
To quench the sun or gild the lightning streak,
To blacken grace, or legalize a sin —
Where these have failed, what bard can hope to win?
Nature denied! let be! but, such the times,
Cold indignation drives to censurous rhymes —
Such rhymes as I, though genius lack, may pour,
Compelled by fools, and vice, and nothing more.

To those, who, in the light of envy, choose
To lame my pen and crush my budding muse,
An easier task, I ween, than to defend
Their own unmeaning products or to mend,
The soul of spirit shrinks, howe'er arraigned
To measure injury by the wrong sustained,
Considers motive, what if pride impels
The ambitious heart to shine where it excells,
Resents the act, and spurns the seeming wit
That impudence would force him to admit.
Sweet thoughts of boyhood, echoes of the time
When verse shows less of reason than of rhyme,
Who could presage, in those dear vanished days,
Flung to the world, thou'dst kindle such a blaze?
Have "airy nothings," then, such vital pow'r
To call up tempests, and disturb the hour?

Make Allen sweat for three long weary weeks?
Rouse Alexander? and alarm the Greeks?
Little I recked, for scribbling was my forte —
I published not for honours, but for sport —
Published — and there-e-oo publish, little loth
To prove them [illegible] babes of larger growth.
And, must I pause when Tompkins says forbear
And dubs my poor productions "empty air;"
Must I be mute while Thompson winds his horn,
And Alan's howling [illegible] from corn?
No, mighty char[illegible] [illegible] ught scarce be worse,
But yours, God knows, is neither prose nor verse.

Howl on ye waifs! let envy drink her fill!
And train your headless shafts that fail to kill!
Unschooled recruits, when first to battle called,
Are, by the whistling arrows, half appalled,
But,— scaping oft, their low-born fear departs,
And courage, new-instated, fills their hearts.
So writers, oft-attacked, grow strong apace
And learn to look base critics in the face,
Critics, who prowl like Indians, in the dark,
And, filled with envy, love a shining mark.
The world goes on, and those, whom they engage,
Seasoned in virtue reap the golden age,
While they, compelled to humbleness, at last
Reverence the hand their lightnings could not blast,
Or, grown more wretched, thrown with envious eye
On others' fortune, miserably die.
Thus the revenging whip and voiceless rack,
New-primed with venom, gall the torturer's back;
Thus sland'rous tale, base lie, and brainless knave,
Go down to ruin in a common grave.
When, sick at body, and morose in mind,
He dies, and leaves not but a stink behind.

Mistaken fools! can worthless censure slur
The pure of soul, the noble character?
Can injured reputation add one whit
To him who in injustice sullies it?
The first 'twere as impossible to mar
As the bright radiance of the morning star;
The last but takes from the detractor's worth
And levels him still closer to the earth.
Keep on belittling! great men still are great,
And small men small, howe'er you desecrate.
Speak out! ten-thousand venomed lips assist -
The good are slandered, and the wise are hissed.
On meanness based, with ignorance alloyed,
You seek by covering worth to make it void.
Rail on! your chattering tongues can never give
Immortal fame, or make the brainless live,
Nor yet deprive him of the laurel fair
Which fate decreed for ages he should wear.

THE CHOIR GIRL.

A Poem.

In Three Cantos.

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:"
—Shakespeare.

PREFACE.

The substance of a paragraph from a well-known author* is a fitting preface for this production.

If there be one misery in life more calculated than another to wither and consume the heart, to make society odious, man to look like a blot in the creation, and the very providence of God doubtful, it is to feel one's character publicly slandered and misrepresented by the cowardly and malignant, by the skulking scoundrel and the moral assassin — to feel yourself loaded with imputations that are false, calumnious, and cruel. The subject of the following stanzas felt all this bitterly in her heart; so bitterly, indeed, that all relish for life had departed from her. She became spiritless, hopeless, without an aim or object, or anything to sustain her, or to give interest to existence. Philosophy, which too often knows little about actual life, tells us that a consciousness of being innocent of the social slanders that are heaped upon an individual, is a principle that should have supported and consoled her. But the truth is that this very consciousness of innocence was precisely the circumstance which sharpened and poisoned the arrow that pierced her, and gave rancor to the wound.

THE CHOIR GIRL.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

When nature speaks her words are true,
There is no discord in the sound
That breaks from her melodious lips
The whole world round.

II.

From the dim bournes that measure space,
Where suns and systems cease to be
To where our atomed sphere has place,
Is one unbroken harmony.

III.

The minor in the earthquake blends
From seething peaks and yawning voids,
From pent-up fire, that racks and rends
Old planets into asteroids.

IV.

His reason like a tottering hut,
These seeming breaks the sophist sees
And terms disorder, which are but
Apparent incongruities,

V

For all is willed, by Him who planned
And bade the pond'rous suns disperse,
Within the hollow of whose hand
Is held the mighty universe,

VI.

The harp of nature, strung with stars,
Reverberating, as it rings
Perpetual hymns through golden bars
In honour of the King of Kings.

VII.

Oh, would that I might hear the sound
Of strings I one day hope to hear,
The strains that even now abound
Heard by no mortal ear.

VIII.

They know it nearest, who know best
The changing moods of land and sea,
Who feel the heart-throbs in the breast
Moved by their varied minstrelsy:

IX.

The sighing of the gentle breeze,
Half heard, o'er fields of peeping grain;
The howling of the winds, that seize
And snap the giant oaks in twain;

X.

The murmur of the mountain stream
Through many a glade and hazled tract;
The stillness of the broad lakes gleam;
The roaring of the cataract;

XI.

The early matins of the birds
When eastern skies are touched with grey,
The music of their warbled words
When sunset tints the dying day;

XII.

The rustle of the falling leaves;
The raindrop's patter on the rills;
The thunder's crash, that cracks the eaves
And shakes the trembling hills;

XIII.

The moaning of the restless surge
On many a bleak and lonely shore;
The swash of giant waves, that urge
Storm-beaten ships the ocean o'er.

XIV.

Desire, abhorrence, pain, delight,
Hope, fear, and anger, it portrays
To him who reads its scores aright
And apprehends its ways.

XV.

Go ask the master, him, whose word
Like love's own message strikes the ear,
Still loved the more the more 'tis heard,
Still freshening with the lengthening year —

XVI.

Ask him, from whence his works excel?
And he will take you by the hand,
And tell you, Nature taught him well,
And you will understand.

XVII.

As long as Europe boasts an art,
As long as harmony shall give
An impulse to the human heart,
The name of Beethoven shall live.

XVIII.

His were the true poetic dreams,
That, genius, with a ray divine,
Transposes to immortal themes
That stand the touch of time.

XIX.

As Shufu's temple, high and vast,
Looms mightiest on the world's broad stage,
So he, in rugged truth, surpassed
The greatest of his age.

XX.

The harpsicord he loved so well
Still echoes from its mellow strings
The message that he had to tell,
From serfs to crownëd kings.

XXI.

That plaintive theme shall echo down
The ringing corridors of time
Till the last aspirant of renown
Shall mould his rustic rhyme;

XXII.

Till the last star in ashes falls
A burnt-out world beyond the plain;
And the last human suff'rer calls
For sympathy in vain.

XXIII.

Immortal sound! the tongue that gave
Thee utterance, passes with the breath,
But thou and thine, eternal wave,
Endureth after death.

XXIV.

The sounds that woke creation's morn
From sky to sky, from hill to hill,
Like echoes of the hunter's horn
Are ringing still.

XXV.

We do not hear them: human life
Is all unconscious of the strain,
That, 'midst the tumult and the strife,
Breaks on our ears in vain.

XXVI.

Each goodly word, each utterance base,
That cheers or mars, that glads or glooms,
That lifts or undermines the race,
Forever saves or dooms.

XXVII.

I find no hideous fifths expressed
When Nature speaks, no jarring tone,
These are the offspring of the breast
And lying lips of man alone.

XXVIII

He dares oppose the Godhead's will,
When he commands, to answer, nay!
Like Lucifer, rebellious still,
Though free to do or disobey.

XXIX.

For this primeval Eden fell,
For this were mortals left forlorn,
For this the suffering souls of hell
And purgatory mourn.

XXX.

The *will* or *will not* of the lips,
The *will* or *will not* of the heart—
They forge the adamantine whips,
Or bid the threatened pain depart.

XXXI.

They lead to dungeons dark and drear,
To glades where fairest flowers grow,
To precipices hung with fear,
Or vales where murmuring waters flow.

XXXII.

Oh *will* or *will not*, thou hast been
Since fair creation's primal day
The root and origin of sin;
The hope, the impulse, and the way;

XXXIII.

The keynote of a nation's rise,
The bane of peoples now no more—
Of monuments that touch the skies—
Of ruins on the lifeless shore;

XXXIV.

Of high ideals bravely wrought
By individual aim and trust—
Of Folly scorning to be taught,
And Ignorance grovelling in the dust.

XXXV.

O *will*, or *will not*, let the hand
That weighs thee tremble to a hair,
A microscopic grain of sand,
A waver of the ambient air;

XXXVI.

Let Pride her influence withdraw,
And Prejudice prolong the breath—
The shadowed shadow of a flaw
Means life or death.

XXXVII.

Too oft has Passion heaped the pan
And watched the heavier scale ascend,
Till bleak Injustice laid the ban,
And selfishness obtained its end!

XXXVIII.

Oh tongue of man so nobly fraught
To speak the truth or guard it well!—
Has Satan his base counsels wrought?
Art thou the instrument of hell?

XXXIX.

Art thou to thy true purpose nill,
A dastard, weak, and servile slave,
To serve a hideous demon's will
And wag the wisdom of the grave?

XL.

Too oft to nature's utmost breadth
Have warring echoes thrilled afar,
Proclaiming danger, doom, or death,
From star to star!

XLI.

Too often must created things
Like aspens shudder at the wound
That tell-tale echo madly rings
From tongues untuned!

XLII.

Of self-defiling murderous craft,
Whose wide-distended jaws are set
Like bow-strings to the venomed shaft,
Forever tightening, ever let.

XLIII.

Forever turning on its source
A dirth of suicidal joy,
Or, speeding on their wingëd course
The darts that injure and destroy.

XLIV

Oh man, that man-like meet'st thy foes,
Though far from heaven thy vagrant trust,
There's glory in death-dealing blows
If man oppose thee, thrust for thrust!

XLV.

But when thou stoopest from thy place
Upon the gentler sex to prey—
What honour then adorns thy grace?
What laurels dost thou bear away?

XLVI.

The boast of weakness overturned!
The wreath of cowardice and shame!
The curse of ignominy earned,
Shall decorate thy name!

XLVII.

To read of Agrippina's fall,
Of Nero's horror and remorse,
And dread the wormwood and the gall
That thickened round his corse!

XLVIII.

Of chaste Lucretia's dire abuse,
That split the Tarquin's kingly dome,
That let the dogs of discord loose
And shook the walls of Rome!

XLIX.

A thousand instances appear—
But why peruse the blotted page
Of tyrant's tyrannies, that smear
The archived tomes of every age?

L.

Tyrants shall tyrannize as long
As truth and falsehood are opposed,
Till right no longer wars with wrong,
Till Janus is forever closed.

LI.

Each favoured land, each smiling town,
Each rustic hamlet, howe'er small,
Has one who keeps his betters down,
And lordlike, lords it over all.

LII.

In Church or State he plies his course,
Usurps the pulpit or the bar,
And, trains his misdirected force—
Ambitious, not to make, but mar.

LIII.

I question not the purposed goal,
The cloaked intent we cannot know,
Unto his Maker's sight, his soul
May be as pure as drifted snow.

LIV.

Man judges by the act alone,
The outward act of word or deed,
Which may and ever can be known—
A strong, though circumstantial creed.

LV.

If things be not the things they seem—
If ev'ry sense but gives the lie,—
Then, verily, we mortals dream,
As skeptics live, as skeptics die.

LVI.

I credit not deception's sway,
That reason sometimes nods, I own,
But, evidence, sense-borne away,
Is witness of the truth alone

LVII.

If judgment err not: in ts sphere
The eye sees truly; and the hand,
Though last in dignity, most near
In certitude, compels command.

LVIII.

Reason, alas! too often dense
When drunk with pride or sloth congealed,
Attributes to unvarying sense
Impressions that she ne'er revealed.

LIX.

From happ'nings late I glean the truth,
From clouds that tinge my wonted sky,
From old-age reckless wrecking youth—
And facts that I would fain deny.

LX.

There is a name of woman-kind
The fairest woman ever bore,
That, pleasing-sad, reverts my mind
To days and pleasures now no more.

LXI.

Mary—how soothing to the soul!
How gently-pleasing to the ear!
In grief, how potent to condole!
In death, how opulent to cheer!

LXII.

How tenderly the echoes wake
When lovers breathe that idoled name!
How like a sacrilege they break
From lips that open to defame!

LXIII.

My lover thou and I thine own,
I love thee more that thou hast borne
That appellation, dearer grown
That thou art gone and I must mourn.

LXIV.

I love thee for the cursëd frown
That innocence was doomed to bear,
The cross they gave Him, and the crown
They wove about His sacred hair - -

LXV.

I love thee for thy work well done,
For labours built not on the dust
Of earthly treasures, where the sun
Shines dimly, and the coffers rust —

LXVI.

For gratitude starved out and dead;
For love that dwells with humbler folk;
For all the tears that thou didst shed
In anguish, till thy poor heart broke;

LXVII.

For years of toil on yonder hill
With all its world-giv'n recompense;
The shafts of envy, tipped to kill;
Injustice; insult; and offence.

LXVIII.

Ten times upon her fair eclipse
Had terra turned, her wand'rings o'er,
Ere died on thy melodious lips
The love-song, to be heard no more —

LXIX.

Ere music, from the chancel wall,
Despairing, dropped the sounding reed,
Resigned to bungling chaos, all,
And fled upon her wingëd steed.

LXX.

Ye gods! were human thanks the wage
Of labours in this age of brutes —
How often would our ledger-page
Impel us to compelling suits!

LXXI.

The creaking prisons scarce would hold
The concourse in their chambers set;
The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
In jeopardy for debt.

LXXII.

How oft would penury install
Its leanness in our humble shed,
And drive us thread-bare from the wall
Like mendicants, to beg our bread.

LXXIII.

Or, shivering-charity denied
Mid mad demoniac jeers and hoots,
Resign us to the mountain-side
To feed on roots.

LXXIV.

Oh tongue, that shivers to the touch
Of impulse in a heart beguiled,
One kindly word were yet too much
To whisper o'er a dying child!

LXXV.

Oh jarring tongue, so out of tone,
Thou art of nature's countless strings
The single outlaw, that alone
In broken waves discordant rings!

LXXVI.

Well-tuned, thy mellow notes shall rise
And with her glorious voices blend,
But, falsely set, shall rend the skies
Like hideous demons to the end.

THE CHOIR GIRL.

Canto Second.

I.

Primeval persecutor thou
Who in the days when Eve was young
Allured her with thy mottled brow
And damned her with thy venomed tongue,

II.

Thou well foresaw'st that fatal day
The outcome of an hour of sin,
The souls that yet shall own thy sway,
And all the evil that has been.

III.

Thine imitators, who may tell?
Their names by pages are revealed
Like leaves in the autumnal dell,
Like blood-drops on the battled field.

IV.

Arch-fiend, to thee too well 'tis known
How numberless and varied are
The slaves that claim thee as their own
And follow thy triumphant car.

V.

They reck but little that the road
Leads onward to the dark abyss
Where torture has its bleak abode,
And fiery serpents coil and hiss!

VI.

They reck but little that the way
Is ghastly with the wrecks of those
Who mingled in the loveless fray
To fall before their stubborn foes!

VII.

Go search the pages of the past,
Ye doubters! and the lines will tell
Why Cain's black breed were overcast,
Why Sodom and Gomorrah fell:

VIII.

A word submerged, two cities seared,
Because they dared the avenging rod—
Because, blind fools! they had not feared
To persecute the sons of God.

IX.

Go read of kingly David's crime,
Not yet too kingly to carouse,
Like crownëd monarchs of our time,
With Bathsheba, Uriah's spouse.

X.

The outraged Hittite fought and fell
By Thebez ramparts reared in air—
But, hoary histories also tell
Of Abs'lom hanging by the hair;

XI.

Of him the wisest of his days,
To Ashtoreth and Milcom turned,
Binding his pagan brow with bays
That erst his erring father earned.

XII.

Have ye not heard of Daniel's lore?
The mastic and the ilex still
Are proof, as in the days of yore.
'Gainst artful elders working ill.

XIII.

Alas! in these degenerate days
Full many a fair Sussanah cries
For witness of her virtuous ways,
And, hopeless of the verdict, dies.

XIV.

Behold how drooped those menials base
O'er whom Asmodeus wrecked his might—
Sons of a persecuting race,
Struck dead upon their nuptial night.

XV.

Old chronicles bear witness to
The what Holofernes befell,
How pius Judith overthrew
The despot thousands could not quell.

XVI.

Nor yet had persecution ceased
When Rome no longer dared condemn
The Christian to the savage beast
In her blood-dyed collósieum:

XVII.

Time cleansed the crimson from the sands
That in her red arenas flowed,
But passed the scourge to other hands,
On other heads her gifts bestowed.

XVIII.

New tyrants from old ruins rise,
New engines from the crusted blade
Make havoc 'neath our modern skies
And flourish while old fashions fade.

XIX.

The troops Antiochus reviewed.
The legions ruthless Nero led.
Resurrected, reimbued
In others, live—they are not dead.

XX.

Though, charging from the distant plains,
They urge the smoking steed no more,
Their hands are still upon the reins,
Their leaders reckless as of yore;

XXI.

Ambition fires their fury yet,
But changing custom waves them back,
And so the hidden snares are set,
And Vice pursues a different track:

XXII.

No more the quaking hills are fraught
With crushing spears and wild halloo—
No more the martyred dead are sought
At midnight 'neath the falling dew;

XXIII.

They fall as falls the hunted deer,
As pure and blameless, one by one,
And Nature dries the hopeless tear
And wipes the blood-drops as they run.

XXIV.

Ye robbers of the young and fair!
Ye pillagers of olden due!
The savage panther in its lair
Were not more pitiless than you!

XXV.

The venomed rattler, coiled to sting,
Gives timely warning of the blow,
But you, like anacondas, fling
Your secret coils about the foe.

XXVI.

Sometimes I think—unhappy thought!
The world to paganism tends,
So cheaply human souls are bought,
So low the moral man descends;

XXVII.

Unmindful why he lingers here
So shortly in this vale of tears,
Forgetful of the sombre bier
And of the lessening three-score years.

XXVIII.

The eye that heavenward should gaze,
But seldom seeks the starry skies,
So fixed upon the sluggish ways
Where mortals vainly hope to rise;

XXIX.

The hand, o'erheavy with its gold,
Unheld to others in distress,
Still tightens as its lord grows old,
And, leaded-scaled, gives less and less;

XXX.

The tongue, that harp-string of the soul,
So oft 's untuned and out of time
It quite belies its sacred goal,
And stoops to falsehood for a dime;

XXXI.

The ear, God's treasure-house of sound,
To clashing notes alone reverts,
Deaf to the good earth scatters round
And anxious only for what hurts;

XXXII.

The heart — oh heart of man, so hard,
So calloused grown, it scarce might feel
The imprint of the diamond shard,
The impulse of the wingëd steel!

XXXIII.

Oh, giz/ard heart! more set to crush
Rude pebbles in a buzzard's breast
Than entertain high thoughts or hush
The tempted intellect to rest.

XXXIV.

So tend the times, I almost lean
To Darwin's hypothetic plan,
And, from the trend of ages, glean
A different ancestry for man.

XXXV.

But to the theme! that claims my thought,
That uppermost directs my pen,
That sorrow, deep as love, has taught,
And lifts me from the depths again.

XXXVI.

To him who suffers nor complains,
Who, injured, wrongs not in return,
He rises purer for his pains,
He earns the wages martyrs earn.

XXXVII.

Adversity embitters time,
But, through the sadly falling tears,
The bows of heaven form and shine
With promises of happier years;

XXXVIII.

Of joys that end not with the grave,
When he, who judgeth all, shall come
To claim the spirit that he gave
And call the lonely exile home.

XXXIX.

He knoweth his, and his know Him,
He knows the hand that feeds the flocks,
The hierling in the thicket dim,
The lost sheep wand'ring on the rocks;

XL.

He sees the snare that ill has set,
He knows the venom time has taught,
The debtor and the awful debt —
He knows them, though He wills them not;

XLI.

He sees the flames of Sheol blaze
Round many a soul that had been good,
That well had tread earth's devious ways
And joyed forever, if it would.

XLII.

He saw thee in thy virgin bloom,
My loved one, compassed round with foes,
A pail fair creature, wrapped in gloom,
The prey of thy relentless foes;

XLIII.

He saw thee, like the hunted deer,
Far from thy dread tormentors fly,
No friend, no loved companion near,
An exile 'neath a western sky.

XLIV.

Too late, my love, thy young heart knew
The convent's deep unmeasured joys,
The vine-clad hills of old Nauvoo
And sunlit plains of Illinois!

XLV.

The persecutor's work was done —
No potency of clime could save
The life whose sands were almost run,
The frail form sinking to the grave.

XLVI.

Three days we spent on those dear hills,
Three happy days, that faded fast,
Untinctured with the thousand ills
That gloomed the land-scapes of the past.

XLVII.

I see thee yet as on the night,
When, parting still, I still would stay,
The temple's ruins gleaming while,
The black stars on the reddened way.

XLVIII.

We sat upon a broken shaft,
That once had held the pond'rous wall,
Rude relic of the Mormon's craft
And silent witness of his fall;

XLIX.

And there, with tearful eyes, you told
The story of that crumbling fane:
Of while-haired sires, who fought of old
For freedom's rights, but fought in vain;

L.

The passage of the frozen shore;
The rifles gleam; the crackling stake
The countless woes, till, danger o'er,
They reached far Utah's briny lake.

LI.

So sympathetic for *their* lot
You wholly overlooked your own,
Old trials were the while forgot —
You sighed, but sighed for *them* alone;

LII.

You wept, but all the tears you shed
Were offerings at another's shrine,
To memories of the silent dead,
To hearths whose fires no longer shine.

LIII.

Delightful moments! how they fly
When kindred souls in love convene,
Scarce entered on till they are by,
And, being, only to have been;

LIV.

Time, weary from his labour, stands
A dreamer, leaning on his scythe,
The blade-haft in his bony hands
But all unconscious of the tithe.

LV.

So shall the golden moments meet
When time and tide shall be no more,
When lovers, reunited, greet
Each other on a happier shore.

LVI.

Thy tender accents hold me still,
My Mary! I remember well
How grieved I left that pleasant hill,
How loath I was to say farewell.

LVII.

Farewell! a whisper scarcely heard,
Sky-moulded ere the world began,
Of all sad words the saddest word
E'er uttered by the lips of man.

LVIII.

The dear impression of thy lips
Still seems to linger on my own
To lighten pleasure's dark eclipse
And all the sorrows I have known.

LIX.

Once more I hold thy gentle hand
As on the night, when, side by side,
We lingered in that western land
By Mississippi's rolling tide;

LX.

Once more the heaven of thine eyes,
As deeply blue as seraphs raise
At noon-day o'er our northern skies,
As softly bright, invokes my gaze.

LXI.

Time widens o'er the genial scene,
Three circling moons have waxed and waned,
The hill-sides are no longer green,
The snow lies piled where Autumn reigned;

LXII.

No longer on the trellised vine
The purple grape perfumes the air,
The meloned fields no longer shine,
The southern cotton-wood is bare;

LXIII.

The lordly river woos the clasp
Of summer's flow'ry winds no more,
Locked in an icy giant's grasp
And pulseless all from shore to shore —

LXIV.

Save where the heavy channel wends
Defiant to the monster's might,
And, through a narrow rift descends,
Its cold-blue waters still in sight,

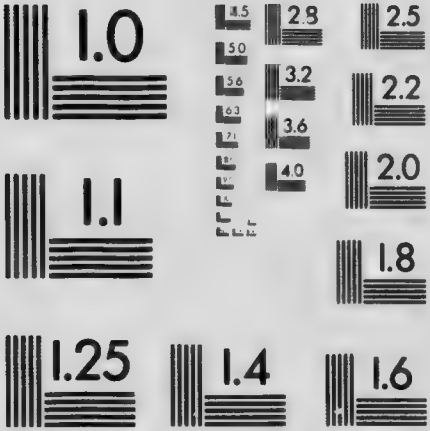
LXV.

Seen dimly, through a blinding storm,
That, eastward from the Rockies, blows
A blast of hurricanic form
Of driving winds and whirling snows.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

LXVI.

Fast fall the fleeted flakes, and fast
The curling drifts obstruct the way —
But love will stem the dreariest vast
That ever countenanced delay!

LXVII.

The passage of that broken stream,
The dangers of the ice and deep,
To me were as to men who dream —
Forgotten, ere they cease to sleep.

LXVIII.

I found her, God, but she was changed!
She seemed a being of the air,
So pale, as one from earth estranged,
Yet lingering in the body there.

LXIX.

She asked me, tears were in her eyes,
To take her home, for, failing fast,
She yet would see 'neath those dear skies
The few who loved her to the last;

LXX.

The wrongs she suffered she forgave,
The good alone she would recall,
She prayed that God, so kind, would save
The sinner and forget his fall.

LXXI.

But little waits: I shall not tell
What intervening time bestowed:
The countless hardships that befell
The sufferer on the iron road;

LXXII.

The long-drawn days and sleepless nights,
The ceaseless weariness and pain—
They passed, when those endearing sights
Of homeland met our gaze again.

LXXIII.

When through the engine's whirling smoke
The hills of Brunswick we descried,
And sounds familiar to us woke—
One heart, at least, was satisfied.

THE CHOIR GIRL.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

Affliction! thou mysterious thing
That breaks me on the rugged wheel
Why bid'st thou not my soul take wing,
And end the countless throes I feel!

II.

There is a grief too deep for tears
That spends itself in secret sighs,
No broken sob the listener hears,
Sealed are the channels of the eyes;

III.

Its eloquence is all its own---
Its sentiment surpasses thought—
Imagination, noblest grown,
With worthiest effort moulds it not.

IV.

Such pangs the lonely exile feels
Who sees his native shores grow dim,
While distance, with its veil, conceals
The dearest spot on earth to him.

V.

Such bitter pains with bodings sore
Perplex the hopeless lover's breast,
When, standing by some cottage door,
He parts with her he loves the best.

VI.

Such pain was mine, my sister dear,
When, in a city, far and lone,
I knew, by many a token clear,
That Death had marked thee as its own.

VII.

I saw thy youthful bloom decay
Like rose-leaves withered by the cold,
Thy sweet proportions pass away
To what a child with ease might hold.

VIII.

Such too was mine, when, bent with care
And worried by the day's alarms—
A broken hyacinth, yet fair,
I saw thee dying in my arms.

IX.

Thou wert of nature too sincere,
Of education too refined,
To weather long the godless sneer
And slings of an ungrateful mind.

X.

Some kindness still had bade thee live,
Some proffered truth delayed the end—
But Calumny had not to give,
And Virtue was without a friend.

XI.

O Innocence! belovëd gem!
Art thou of Godless hands the prey
Who snatch thee from thy diadem
And bear thy brightest gifts away?

XII.

Let Purity go dwell in caves
If it would 'scape the hidden snares
Of those who lie like levelled graves
That men walk over unawares!

XIII.

Let Truth seek out a genial home
Where icy waters lash the poles,
Or, where, within the earth's dark dome
The subterranean river rolls!

XIV.

Let Justice hang her golden scales
In some fair temple of the stars,
And Chivalry display her mails
Upon the shining plains of Mars!

XV.

Old tales still whisper of the times,
And snatches of immortal song,
How cowards answered for their crimes,
And gleaming swords avenged the wrong.

XVI.

Hadst thou been living in those days
The knaves that smote thee ne'er had lied.
Fair virtue still had gone her ways
And ev'ry slanderer's tongue been tied.

XVII.

Imposters of a cursëd breed
Who laugh above the noble slain!
They saw the helpless victim bleed!
They did the Godless work of Cain!

XVIII.

In secret hours and all unseen
They shaped the venomed dagger's blade,
They stood behind the cloudy screen
And stabbed the unsuspecting maid.

XIX.

O Gratitude! hadst thou no part
With one for whom she laboured long,
No chamber in that stony heart,
No recompense for right but wrong?

XX.

O Mercy! even brutes may feel,
Or seem to feel thy gentle sway,
Though savage, subject to appeal—
Are mortals yet more cold than they?

XXI.

Yea, naught can cloak the vile abuse
And deadly double-maliced slurs
Of those, who let the lions loose
In modern amphitheatres;

XXII.

Of those whose garb of oil and paint
Scarce veils their hypocritic souls:
A sickly Pharisaic saint;
An idol carved from worm-eat boles.

XXIII.

Aye, many a time those hands that lie
So silent on that pulseless breast
Have laboured in the days gone by
For one she deemed an honoured guest,

XXIV.

For one upon whose silver head
The light of heaven seemed to pour,
Ere ev'ry star in anguish fled,
And Phœbus' glory shone no more.

XXV.

Poor fingers, crossed in death's repose,
How oft they bore the fragrant tea
In happy festal days to those
Who mixed that bitter cup for thee!

XXVI.

How oft upon the shining keys—
For thou wert e'er a child of song—
They called the tend'rest chords, to please
The reprobates that did thee wrong!

XXVII.

Poor eyes, that trustingly reposed
On faces saintly to the sight—
They little saw what time disclosed
When villany was at its height—

XXVIII.

When Calumny with saintly mien
From God's high altar raised the cry—
When Falsehood gloried to be seen—
And even Virtue seemed to lie!

XXIX.

Poor lips, a smile is on them now
Of one who conquers in the strife;
A light is on that snowy brow—
A light I never saw in life.

XXX.

If means must justify the end,
Then, ne'er were evil means so fraught
With evil's venom, to portend
And justify the ends they sought.

XXXI.

Majestic in *his* eyes alone
Is he who builds on self-esteem,
His heart is nothing but a stone!
His vows to heaven, but a dream!

XXXII.

His little rights are ever first,
They mark the goal, they set the pace,
They raise the heat and quench the thirst--
While duty takes a second place

XXXIII.

Was't for these he swore to leave
The mammon of the world behind,
About his reverend head to weave
The flickering mammon of the mind?

XXXIV.

To him the green New Brunswick hills
Were mountains towering to the skies--
He never saw the canyoned rills
O'er which the mighty Rockies rise.

XXXV.

O human flesh, self-deified,
To which poor mortals kneel and nod—
Is justice still to be denied?
Dost thou forget there is a God?

XXXVI.

Dost thou forget that nature calls
Still burdened with uncancelled debt?
A thousand voices from her halls
Cry out for restitution yet.

XXXVII.

Shall she not have it? Then, beware!
There is a judge who rules on high
A judge who one day shall lay bare
The blackened crime to ev'ry eye.

XXXVIII.

I care nor what the mob may say
Who clamor on the phantom heights,
They are but children led astray
Still howling for their baby rights.

XXXIX.

Their seeming wit is second-hand
For reason is to them unknown,
They are but ciphers in the land
And build upon blind faith alone;

XL.

The scornful laugh, the cutting word,
That hissed around her in the storm,
Were but the things that they had heard
New-moulded in a vulgar form.

XLI.

Let him who wields the priestly rod
But fashion in a garment fell
An angel of Almighty God,
And, like an imp, he hails from hell —

XLII.

Such power he holds for good or ill,
The chosen of Melchisadech,
To raise the dead to life or kill
To save the righteous or to wreck.

XLIII.

I am not superstition's slave,
Nor shall not from my course be swerved
Through fear of censure, howe'er grave,
Or countless curses undeserved!

XLIV.

There is a voice beyond the tomb
That bids me on, in spite of blame,
To raise the rancor and the gloom
That time has thrown about her name.

XLV.

Oh, fatal hour! full well consigned
For those who hiddenly attack,
When virtue hears herself maligned,
And, shackled, dare not answer back:

XLVI.

Oh sacred place! where cowards choose
In saintly garb to blaze and burn,
To hound, to harrow, and abuse,
And hear but echoes in return.

XLVII.

High time to quench the tapers tall,
To cast the missal to the floor,
To tear the pictures from the wall,
And shut the tabernacle door.

XLVIII.

O spouse of God, immortal maid,
The prey of Vandals, Goths, and Huns,
Ne'er were thy virgin limbs so flayed
As now, by thy rebellious sons;

XLIX.

They bear the pitch, they heat the shares,
They tie thee to the burning stake,
They throw thee to the lion's lairs,
And cast thy body in the lake:

L.

From foes without and foes within
Thou must long since have passed away
In thy insatiate war with sin
Wert thou not willed to last for aye.

LI.

Oh Love, that lend'st a helping hand
To her with whom it is not well —
Hast thou no temple in the law?
No vestal fires? Where dost thou dwell?

LII.

When she thy favoured child lay dead,
The victim of a rash decree,
Thy comforter, with reverend head,
I looked but looked in vain to see.

LIII.

When, lying in the darkened room
So like a withered flow'r she lay —
Where were those lifters of the gloom?
Like base assasins, fled away!

LIV.

The lonely home they came not near.
A mother's sorrow touched them not.
They were too cold to shed a tear
For all the evil they had wrought;

LV.

Their stony hearts could ill afford
Some simple message of regret.
A sigh, a sympathetic word
So prone is malice to forget.

LVI.

One only, he a stranger, stood
When pow'rless were our means to save,
He was a father, kind, and good,
And, all he had to give, he gave.

LVII.

One other, of a sterner creed,
It touched mine aching heart to see —
Not as our own, he came in need
And by that death-bed bent the knee.

LVIII.

Sweet friends! true comforters of woe!
Like Him, assuaging earthly ills,
Who suffered in the long ago
Upon Judea's rocky hills.

LIX.

They follow in the Master's eye,
He leads them gently by the hand.
Their condemnation does not lie
In fiery letters on the sand.

LX.

He does no murder who denies
The love that's his to glad or gloom —
But, violated justice, cries
For restitution from the tomb.

LXI.

The rights that spring from noble deeds
Of man or woman, are his own,
Still tending to the heart that bleeds,
Still owing when the soul has flown.

LXII.

To those who plead convictions sway
When set for utterances base —
I answer; 'Folly paved the way,
And bears the lie upon its face.'

LXIII.

If it be true that virtue erred,
Was there not time to cancel such,
To offer some redeeming word
And ransom reason by so much?

LXIV.

They took thee from me, gentle maid,
They lit the spark that fired thy veins,
Their tongues have led where thou art laid,
Their souls are red with crimson stains.

LXV.

I'll miss thee in a thousand ways,
A thousand memories shall rise
With fading gleams of other days
To call the sad tears to the eyes.

LXVI.

How often when December flings
Its sparkling mantle on the rills,
We watched Orion's fiery kings
Rise glorious o'er the frozen hills;

LXVII.

Or, turning to the north, beheld
The Dragon's silver coils unroll,
And Cleopatra's Chair propelled
With Ursa Major round the pole.

LXVIII.

Those shining wonders were to you
A happiness they little know
Whose wishes, like themselves, untrue,
Are fastened to the earth below.

LXIX.

If chance they lift their listless eyes
At eve, they say; "the day is o'er:"
The constellations of the skies
To them, are stars, and nothing more.

LXX.

Their spirits are to earth akin;
They never soar on fancy's wings;
They end their days as they begin —
The slaves of base material things.

LXXI.

Their best ambition is to wend
The gilded road of Godless ease,
To countless deities to bend
The hinges of their niggard knees:

LXXII.

For this they fill the iron chest
By many a lie and many a lure --
For this are fortune's slaves oppressed,
And burdens laid upon the poor —

LXXIII.

For this the soul's ideals torn
Like offerings of corrupted clay,
And Innocence condemned to mourn
For reputation ta'en away.

LXXIV.

Dear old associations! dear
In calm or storm, whate'er behoove,
Hour after hour, year after year,
Yet saddening even while they soothe.

LXXV.

When-e'er I visit yonder glade
That bounds the pastures broad and fair —
I'll think of how we two have strayed
To pluck earth's earliest offerings there.

LXXVI.

How, seated on some favorite stone
When summer decked the murmuring rill,
We culled the berries that had grown
And ripened on the neighboring hill.

LXXVII.

Sweet season! fairest of the year!
Thou too shall many a joy recall
Of many a ramble, doubly dear,
In thickets where the brown leaves fall.

LXXVIII.

And last, nor least in memory's train,
When all the fields are whit withe snow
I'll miss thee, in the moonlit lane,
And on the shining lake below.

LXXIX.

Ye joys of morn, ye sweets of eve,
Ye pleasures of the genial day,
Be with me, even while I grieve,
For that dear being passed away!

LXXX.

Through ev'ry change of time and place,
Where'er we twain have chanced to be,
Thy graceful form and gentle face
Shall ever be the same to me.

LXXXI.

She lies upon a verdant hill
That woos the morning's earliest ray,
Where, through the ev'ning calm and still,
Rest the last fading beams of day;

LXXXII.

There, many a head-stone gleaming white
Tells of the silent yet-to-be,
And many a chiselled text in sight
Whispers of immortality;

LXXXIII.

A crystal river winds below,
So far away, and yet so near,
The sound of its melodious flow
Like softest music strikes the ear;

LXXXIV.

Along the snowy church-yard pales
Fair clustering maples glad the scene,
And, whispering o'er the graves' low rails
Is many a virgin evergreen.

LXXXV.

Here earth, and woods, and streamf and sky,
Break forth in kindliest requiem
As mindful of the dear ones nigh,
Who loved, and were beloved by them.

LXXXVI.

O, conscious nature, still be true!
Still sound the oft-vibrating strings,
Till the last martyr, torn from you,
In heaven rests its weary wings—

LXXXVII.

Till the last faithful vestal stands,
Her cries unheard, her prayers denied,
The victim of ungodly hands
Upon the altar-stone of Pride.

LETTERS ANONYMOUS.

PREFACE.

While rummaging one day amongst the knick-knacks of an old garret, I accidentally stumbled upon these letters. I have looked far and wide for the author, but, so far, have been unable to locate him. Under the circumstances I have concluded to place these letters with my own efforts in the volume, in the hope, that by so doing, a vagrant copy may perhaps reach him, and he may thus be able to lay claim to that which is his own.

LETTERS ANONYMOUS.

I.

Dear———————— I should have written you before
And would apologize for being tardy
Did I not know that all excuses bore
And that you'll quite o'erlook my failings, pardy!
You've overlooked so oft 'tis imposition
But then, tis hard to change ———'s disposition.
To tell the truth, I have been busy lately
With this and that, with little things and great things,
For life's a medley of the mean and stately,
And high and low must bear alike what fate brings:
To-day we trim our vessels for bright regions
To-morrow overwhelms us with its legions.
We strive to rise and build upon our blunders,
And would be all we should be if we could be,
And study, to be overcome with wonders,
And turn our lamps still higher as we would see,
And dig, and delve,—for man is ne'er contented,
And only gives up when he grows demented.
Tom Moore and Goldsmith and Sir Walter Scott
With many more, too numerous to mention,
Ne'er failing sources of our purest thought
The bards of song, description and invention,
Went howling mad through study, or grew hazy—
I shall not end so, for I am too lazy!
I don't know how you're built, but if you're wise—
Take my advice and systemize your study,
By all things do nor plug not make your eyes dim
With too persistent toil — your checks are ruddy,
At least they used to be, if I remember,—
Let them not lose the luster of the ember!

A living ass outvalues a dead doctor
Who sought and fought but to obtain a title,
And vanished with his littleness and mock-fur,
Who, while he lived would drown you with recital.
Where now are all the mighty gists we listed.
The world goes on, scarce knowing he existed!
I trust it won't be so with you and me.
God knows, for He alone can read the future.
The best for anyone you'll quite agree
'S to cultivate what lies beneath his suture
But, let us not pursue our course with straining
Lest we should fail, mayhap, through over-training.
Nor neither be too slow — for that's a fault!
The mind grows stagnant and the memory shirks
Be up, and on, but neither pant nor halt —
There is a golden mean for him who works,
And he is wise who learns this truth in time —
Forgive me —, I know this is bad rhyme.
I would not thus have written it, but then
I learned to scribble verse when I was young
And now the words slip easily from the pen
Like oily whiperings from a lover's tongue,
And, since you've sent me some of your productions,
You'll have to stomach mine with all obstructions.
"The proper study of mankind is man;"
The most delightful woman, if she's pretty!
I much prefer the country girls to scan
Than those that come high-fluted from the city —
For they, (the country girls) are less conventional,
And all you do they reckon as intentional.
Give me a simple maiden in her teens
Whose heart is pure: I do not ask for more:
Her virtue is more dear to me than queens —
She wears a crown that fashion never wore —
Nor all the boasted rays of bastard art

Can match those gems that sparkle round her heart.
Who would not woo? and wed a girl like this
If he should win her? rather than those flirts.
Who, when he's absent name him with a hiss,
And have two dozen clinging to their skirts —
And, if he chance to censure such transactions,
Will dub him mean for meddling with their actions.
We dress to hide our nakedness, but these
If they should shed the little that they wear
Like the slimed snake that casts its slough with ease,
Would still appear before us but half bare —
The first removed, a second garb begins,
The oil and paint that cover all their skins.
I must admit, however, though with sorrow,
The greater number of mankind prefer these.
Deluded fools! who never count the morrow!
But rest their faith alone on what the eye sees:
One night: the sacred veil is lifted: presto!
He meets with quite a different manifesto.
Men marry for two reasons, or at least
They should so marry — women too, of course —
If God's first ordination has not ceased —
It seems to me most marry for divorce!
In spite of all that God has joined together —
And own they're wed so long as it's fine weather.
Two ends should prompt: the first of these, affection,
"It is not good for man to be alone"
And, since the day of Adam's first bisection
Each one has sought his individual bone:
The second's reproduction, blest effulgence,
Which fallen man has wrongly termed indulgence.
But now, to change the subject, let me say,
Your verses pleased me more than I can tell —
Keep on! work harder! labour paves the way,
And, if you persevere, you shall excell —

Condense your matter, strive to utter truth,
And manhood will repay the toils of youth.
Above all else, look to the matter first,
Be sure you have an argument, and then
The words will flow with a poetic burst
And fall like rain-drops from the ready pen —
Nor fear to change, cut out, correct, define,
'Tis polish makes the new-found diamond shine.
Your forte, as I have gleaned from what you've written,
Is centred in description — is it not?
A worthy scope! which if you use your wit in
And strive to paint your objects as you ought
Portraying form and color with precision,
You may, with God's help, some day reach Elysium.
I am myself of nature an admirer,
And oft-times when the town grows uncongenial,
My mood too changes, and I then desire her
With her blue lakes, and winding streams, and green hill,
And quit the bleak society, to roam
'Neath gnarlëd trees and calm clear skies, alone.
If you should meet my much-loved friend —
Tell him I should delight to have a letter,
And think he'd not committed such a sin in
Writing me long since — I too am debtor!
I must admit it! 'tis a common failing!
But I will change the subject and stop railing.
I've changed it now so often, you will wonder
If ever this is going to have an end,
It sounds to me like claps of broken thunder,
To you I know not how the whole will tend,
But one thing's certain: if you read it all through,
You'll have good patience and a lot of gall too.
Forgive the last two words! I simply used them
Because they slipped into my rhyme with ease,
I will not say, like some, I have abused them.

For I have learned to use words as I please;
Since ———— menials criticised my verses
I scarcely know, and do not care, what worse is.
And now, dear —, be sure and write again soon
And send me too some more of your productions,
And tell me all about yourself, and when June
At length is here with all her mild seductions
And hosts of buzzing June-bugs, I shall write more
Providing you live on when this is read o'er.

II.

Dear———— 'tis needless true for me to say
How pleased I was to get your kindly letter.
You should have written sooner, but delay
Makes good things when you get them all the better.
I fear you'll find these verses far from crystals—
But how could ———— write scholarly epistles?
With his small stock of scanty information?
I think 'twas some such words the "————" used.
And "————" whose small hopes of reformation
Have vanished quite since ———— was abused.
Or should, for now I care not how I write!
What more is gleaned by turning up the light?
No! let the candle flicker! 'tis the same!
Paper, and ink, and symbols, nothing more
To him who seeks but emptiness and blame,
And prowls along the dark plutonian shore
Hungry for victims! but, for you, who kick
Only when sense is absent—trim the wick!
Not much of note has happened here of late
Since sweet-tongued ———— made his wondrous catch.
The town goes on at 'bout the usual gait,
With ———, downfall'n, sleeping 'neath the hatch.
The Tories, sick long since, deplore their pillage,
And Silence reigns within a silent village.

But ere the famed election there were things,
Occurrences that make old maidens smile,
Who know once more the touch of Cupid's wings
And feel they are not black-beaned yet awhile
My reference is to ————nuptial
Who carried off quite gallantly his huffed cull.
Yes, they were married ———— and her
And have gone off upon their honeymoon;
One chance the less for us to strike a beau
And play an old Rugeri out of tune
But, then, what odds! the music might be such
That if we heard we'd not enjoy it much!
Ties marital are often far from sweet,
And folks that wed have wished themselves apart.
They are more wise than Cupid! more discreet!
And wed for gold! and nurse a broken heart!
And wonder at their woe! and dub it fate!
And call upon their lode-stars, when too late!
You know it! 'tis not fiction! thousands blunder
Who might escape were they but so disposed,
Who well might tear their prison bars asunder
And leap the toils that round them darkly close
But they, deluded fools, devoid of fears,
Take their own course and run delightless years.
"That angel," yes! and fair as Satan, too,
Before he knew the infernal shades below,
Nor ever soul with brighter pinions flew
Or in one thoughtless moment stooped so low,
Whose life had been e'en as her cloudless east
Had she but wed a man and not a beast—
Yes, I have seen her. But one week ago
She came one evening with her children twain
The offspring of a loveless bed of woe
Conceived when blackest moons are on the wane
But why waste words? I played her s[illegible] airs;

Bid her goodnight; and sighed; and went up-stairs.
And she sighed; and went home; and went to bed;
And slept; and dreamed, perhaps, of what had been;
And wished to heaven that she had never wed;
And pored o'er all the ravages of sin
Of which she was the partial cause directly
And, ev'n in slumber, reasoned quite correctly.
But now I'll pause, and change a changeless theme,
Changeless to me, and shiftless as the sun,
Fair as the land-scape of a virgin'd dream
Whose few short days of love have but begun
And if, so much of worm-wood it contains,
Had I no soul I'd blow out all my brains.
Another marriage ——————— and
With Wednesday coming as the festal day;
Poor ——————— alas! in sorrow will be shrunken!
Although, in sooth, he might as well be gay —
For what do our pert damsels care for virtue
Except to flit, and fly about, and hurt you!
But then, we all have faults, and, since we're equal,
Let's rail at our own failings or be still,
Too many, truly, bear around their cheeks full
Of stench and poison for another's ill,
And canonize themselves, whose souls are blacker
Than Pennsylvania coal, or a burnt cracker.
And now to old friends: ——————— is still thriving
And looking hale and hearty as of old;
And ——————— out at ——————— his blades is driving,
And cleaving whiskers that he scarce can hold;
——————— still tinkers; ——————— is mending flues;
And ——————— is working at the ———————'s;
——————— is out in business for himself,
Bought out ——————— to his last pair of braces,
And swears he'll put ——————— on the shelf
Or wind up like old oxen, in the traces,—

For, somehow, ——— with ———— didn't drift,
So ——— balked, and ——— got the shift.
——— though his grief seemed so profound
When his wife died has coupled once again
And with his servant-girl, well I'll be bound!
He never loved the first: nor one in ten
Who seek the matrimonial state are better!
She misses ma—he wishes he'd not met her.
Yes, touched by Cupid ——— has wed his
His poor heart, broken for his first, has healed!
But something's wrong, for now he can't discern her
She having gone, and poor ————'s fate is sealed,
And now once more in single blessedness
He shall go on till she returns, I guess.
The "Glory of October on the Hills"
I've read with satisfaction—'tis a gem
With its bright colouring, skies, and woods, and rills,
But then one fault will nowadays condemn
The noblest product, though in all else true,
And that one fault I'll now point out to you,
Were't Glory of October *from* the Hills
I could explain quite easily the *last stanza*
But how you get the meadows up there fills
My mind with doubt — I scarcely understand y'e!
My rhyme is still far worse than your mistakes;
But then 'tis good to note each others breaks.
I'd change that ——— and substitute a better
That breathes not of repugnance, though I fear
You'll tell me I should change all my rhymed letter
And write in prose without rhymed ends—'tis clear,
It's scarcely doggerel! but then, why deplore?
I am but as God made me—nothing more.
A man is what he makes himself! you say,
And that ,with a distinction, *I'll* defend—
If given much to work on, then he may

Outrival p.inces and with wits contend:
But man is no creator, and, if God
And nature stints him, he's a hopeless clod.
Talk as you may, 'tis but development,
For man can have no more than what he's given,
And each of us is to his mission sent
With much or little of both earth and heaven—
On him whom genius smiles his goal is plain!
On whom she frowns—he seeks the heights in vain!
M. D's must own my proposition fair,
Nor least amongst them our great - ———
Who but this morning lost an only heir
Who might have been a greater air than he - -
He has my sympathies in spite of axes,
Of old-time squalls, and meddling with my taxes.
But now I'll close, because if I write on
You'll surely be asleep if not already,
And if you are why read the rest at dawn,
Such stuff as this would make a man unsteady!
I feel myself as if I'd like a snooze—
So write again, and tell me all the news.

III.

Dear ——— your last from ——— read with pleasure
Yet dappled with some touch of sadness too,
Some dark'ning lines, that half obscured the treasure,
And left me when I'd read them, feeling blue—
What did I say that makes you so sarcastic?
Aren't you like me, imperfect, though more drastic?
I meant it all in kindness, howe'er taken,
And felt that you'd be pleased at what I cited,
But good dreams seldom pan, for now I waken
To find myself like Socrates indited,
And by my friend, because, forsooth, I pointed
Some errors out that he would have annointed.

Let be! I drink the hemlock as dictated,
And, after my demise, can blame no longer,
I gladly yet a little while had waited
Till I myself and others had grown stronger,
But —— —— decrees the black shroud and the casket
And bids me die long, long before I ask it.
But, such is life; and such our best endeavours;
And such our hopes; and such the bitter ending:
For when the jealous fury madly severs
Our golden means and ends, she damns the mending,
And fosters base conclusions, and then leaves us
But dust and ashes for what she bereaves us.
You say you care not who lauds or caresses,
And *who* takes me in too with all the others-
Nor do I care the more who damns or blesses
My simple verses, so they be not brothers!
But these with me are privileged, these, the latter,
Because they don't unduly blame or flatter.
And you dear ———— are with the happy number
Or you had never criticised my satire--
We all or more or less are given to slumber,
And, snoozing, err—who says not is a flat liar!
And I, perchance oft more than all together—
In fact, I think I should be put on tether.
And ——— thinks so too, and so does "— — — —"
And mighty ——— and his parasites.
And yet, no doubt, had they but been more prudent,
They first had put their own mad brains to rights,
But then, they think, of course, they never blunder,
And so does Bur and Twosaw—do you wonder?
Enough! I shall be civil in the future
And rail at my own faults or else be tacit,
For, if I don't, I know my friends will shoot sure,
And then there'll be a funeral and "Hic Jacit,"
And sighs, and lamentations, and much weeping.

And other things that bother one while sleeping.
Well ——— I've read the famous "Willy Reilly"
Of which a gist you gave me in the summer,
And truly I must class it very highly,
And drop for Carleton in the box a plumper,
I really think it weighs down Scott for fiction
And takes the foremost place without a striction.
Read also "Fardorougha," and another
"Black Baronet" by appellation—smother
Me, if it don't put all the rest to rout
In characters, in plotting, and in action,
And betters "Willy Reilly" by a fraction.
The "Pilgrim's Progress" too, I have reviewed,
And waded through the "Holy War," by Bunyan,
And, though I must admit him sometimes rude,
Still, all in all, he is but as the onion,
That, poisonous to those mortals who abuse it,
Will strengthen those who know well how to use it.
I don't condemn an author for his breaks
So be they not notorious or ne'er ending—
For, where's the man that does not make mistakes
No matter what his training or his tending?
Was Shakespeare such? Must he not own some errors?
But now-a-days the least are holy terrors.
Let something be as true as if 'twere seen
Within a glass by faultless nature painted,
Perfect but for one fault, and this the keen
Unkind will search, and dub your product tainted,
Though but a flaw of euphony or tense,
And damn the whole regardless of the sense,
As if a man should cut his good vines down
Because a single creeper failed to bear,
Or sacrifice his harvest turning brown
Because, forsooth, a few stray weeds are there—
Would he not be a yeclept a silly swain,

Fit for St. John, or softening in the brain.
Yet that is just what modern carpers do
With others' toils—fill up the sparkling glasses!
They are a lazy, mean, fault-finding crew,
As light as lead, as brilliant as the ass is,
Too much upon their fosses e'er to think,
Their only out-put piles,—fill up and drink!
But now a wide digression: such an action
As cow-boys in the west would call side-tracking;
And wise philosophers would term distraction;
And bushmen little learned would call bush-whacking,
And all correct! in short: I've read your letter
O'er once again, and like it somewhat better.
And now I'm most ashamed of those first stanzas!
But read them for the rhymes, if they are readable,
They're neither El Dorados or Bonanzas,
And, if you wade quite through them, you're indeed able,
Although, when through, you'll feel but little paid
And wish to heaven you'd died or been delayed.
I like the wording of some lines you've written
Within your last, I like the sentiment,
Your use of the alternative fit in
This rough and burlesque stanza calls comment.
You always use this happily, 'tis your forte,—
But I, whene'er I try it, fall quite short.
In all things whatsoe'er I chance to touch
Some evil and controlling genius seems
To work me ill! love, wealth, ambition, such
As ——— raise the heart and realize its dreams
Have but corroded mine, and opened wide
Grief's withering jaws, and ev'ry hope denied.
Christ's blessëd mother Mary, ever fair,
How oft I've knelt in sorrows bitter throes
And begged thee as a suppliant, in prayer,
To ease this heart of all its bitter woes!

But, vain the asking! tears still rise and fall,
And times dark mantle settles over all!
Is there no succor for the heart that's breaking?
No gentle hand to smoothe the burning brow?
One time, sweet thought, I dreamed of an awaking,
When I was younger and less stern, but now
The partial gleams that comforted erst-while
Have left me wholly — earth has ceased to smile!
And since it now is bleak, and cold, and dead,
And no voice answers from the soulless dust,
I cry: Give us this day our daily bread
And, like yourself, in mightier beings trust - -
For what is she, though wrapped in loveliest shell
Compared with him whose beauty none may tell.
Compare! O, God, forgive! there's no comparison!
For 'twixt the infinite and our dust extends
And infinite distance, vast, and boundless; sun
And system lost in their dim circles bend
To nothingness considered with the endless —
And so, my lovely queen, I am not friendless!
She lives a dying life from day to day
A flow'r, half-withered, clinging to the vine,
That longs to go, yet ever hopes to stay
Knowing that I am hers and she is mine —
But who's to blame? She turned upon herself
And slew her matchless charms for worthless pelf;
To lie down with a reptile, and outrage
Her tender nature, feed him with her blood,
And be the peerless wonder of her age,
Her soul repugnant to that mass of mud
That soils whate'er it touches: who had thought
That female conscience were so cheaply bought?
But now I'll pause, for if I don't, 'tis certain
I will say something that is awful truly,
So, au revoir! I'll drop the trembling curtain

And thus prevent myself from being unruly,
And, when you feel in humor for the task
Write me a short reply — 'tis all I ask.

IV.

Dear —I read your letter through with pleasure,
Expressive of our own regrets and thine,
And though it seems we both have lost a treasure,
Yet, still we have not wholly delved the mine —
There are some jewels left, or you're mistaken,
That shine as bright as those we would have taken.
Thanks for the kind advice that you have given!
Believe me, dear old fellow, 'tis not lost —
I've always found *you* true, however driven
To right or left, in calm or tempest-tossed —
When the world frowns your face is pleasing fair
And rouses hope when almost in despair.
My troubles are scarce limited by number,
There are ten-thousand things that give me pain,
That tear me when I wake and when I slumber
And almost make me feel that life is vain:
Environment, and wealth, and fame, and travel
And other knots too concrete to unravel.
I feel if I were better situated
And had some place that I could call my own
The misery that I feel would be abated,
For then I'd be more independent grown
And could look round me, conscious of my worth,
But now, what do I boast? not one square foot of earth.
The raggëd hermit seeks his wonted cave,
Recites his avas, and retire' to rest,
And feels he is at home; the Indian brave
Unto his wigwam guides his welcome guest
And offers him protection: these may say:
'Tis mine to g[illegible] keep! depart! or stay!

I am not one to rail upon the rich,
I am not envious of their glittering hoardes,
Nor do I sympathize with those who itch
To sit like sleuthhounds round their glittering boards
And lick their leavings: of the world's base store,
I seek but what I need and nothing more.
Will she accord me this? 'tis my ambition
As far as lands and filthy lucre goes,
For I have higher aims! but if transition
Accord me less that what she thinks she owes
She will grant little, and 'midst poohs! and damns!
I might as well go tramp, sir, or sell clams.
Perhaps you don't see just where I am tending,
Like one who straying from the path, when lost
Turns right and left and here and there is wending
And travelling in a circle to his cost —
Well, I refer to fame! shall I obtain it?
Here, fill the glass, and say I shall, and drain it!
God-given independence! 'tis a grace,
A glowing gift that I have missed so far,!
Yet, when I stand and peer away through space
At the fixed circles of each glorious star —
I think 'tis best that freedom was not given
Those mighty orbs to range at will through heaven,
But that can never satisfy my mind
Nor gratify the yearnings that are there,
I am a different being and not blind
And thirst and hunger for the good and fair,
More fanciful than others, to my cost,
Which makes me feel more keenly what I've lost:
A piece of human flesh and blood; a soul
Wrapped in a living form, that longs to soar—
To hear the deep-mouthed church-bell gladly toll
For one whose long-drawn griefs at last are o'er—
To feel that it is free—and happ'ly fling

To the blue skies of heaven its gentle wing.
Oh, ask me not! I cannot be unkind!
The things we love we never may despise!
Harsh though the past, it still will leave behind
Some touch of sweetness, such that never dies—
And hers was of the brightest, and still clings
In fondest memories soothing while it stings.
I blame her not! her tears have payed the debt,
And even these I now would wish unshed,
Her outlived wrongs I gladly would forget
And place a halo round that shining head
That once I deemed so matchless - but alas!
The crown drops from my fingers, and I pass.
She is a saint from heaven, yes far from it,
I am no saint myself—in this we're equal,
And being thus, perhaps, is why we sit
Each pining for the other—that's the sequel.
Had each been true to duty, and not Mammon
('Tis Friday) we might both be eating salmon.
But both were false, and as the thing now lies
She's an Episcopalian, I a Catholic,
And he a Nonsectarian doubly wise
For being ten-times foolish and is sick
Of her who took him not for love but whim,
And finds the dear-bought sweets were not for him.
Vain-glorious fools that know not time nor place
But rush like Satan headlong into chaos
He knew not love is infinite as space
With equal power to gladden or waylay us—
He lured his trembling victim to his cost,
And now deplores too late that all is lost.
He oped the doors that seemed to lead to heaven
But found instead the flames and fumes of hell,
For her young heart in better days was given
To one whom she had loved, alas! too well!

And burns still with its pure unsullied glow,
Fed by a soul that languishes in woe –
There was another in the vanished past
Of sterner features, but of nobler mind,
Whose love was pure, a love that needst must last,
A pale frail creature, faithful, good, and kind,
One who had raised me, yea, unto the skies
And gained me heaven, perhaps, had I been wise.
But I was cold and thankless, and I spurned
Her tender offerings and the tears she shed
And left her to her wretchedness, and turned
To that sweet being with a fairer head --
Thoughtless of duty, truth, religion, life,
Anxious for but one thing—a pretty wife.
And pretty wives they make I must allow!
If some weren't blind I swear it would be better a
D——m sight to wed a Jersey cow,
For then they would not be compelled to get ! er a
Merry Widow, paints, and frills, and letter the
Home with *Bedlam*, *House to Let*, etc.—
So much for women, wives and butterflies,
And all that love but never come together,
I'll quit the realms of heart-aches and blue-eyes
And chat about the town's-folk and the weather,
For, doubtless, by this time you're in a sweat
O'er dam-sels who can neither lay nor set.
The last election went off rather quiet
And ————'s in, and ———— is out,
They made me clerk, which almost caused a riot,
For others had their eyes on that no doubt—
But what the h—— do I care what they hold
I'm not like chattels to be bought and sold.
Not much has happened since, there's little noise
Save now and then a social or a party,
I've had some invitations, but my toys

Are somewhat rusty, and I'm far from hearty,
My time's too precious to be given in jest,
And pie not eaten's easier to digest.
As to the weather: it has been most fine,
Long days of sun, and calm, clear frosty nights
With peerless moons and silvery stars, combine
To make the winter cheerful— blessëd lights
By God's own fingers lit, and set on high
To gild the earth and decorate the sky.
And now since I am in a calmer mood
And move about in more congenial airs,
I'll close this what you will lest I grow rude
By taking a relapse, and fall down stairs
And hope above all else to see you soon,
And wish you ev'ry joy,—Good afternoon!

V.

Dear ———— you ask me not to be so sad
To strive to the ideal, not the real.
I tell you boy if that could make me glad
I had been long since happy, for I see all
My young ambition centred in the past
On one bright soul I thought were mine at last.
And though the years have vanished one by one
Since first to aspiration I was turned
Her glorious form still glitters as the sun.
And shines as brightly though forever burned,
The fairest vision to my waking hours,
The sweetest of my dreams when midnight lowers.
Dear deathless fancies kindled at the time
When youth's young ardor fires the heaving veins
That lead to happiness or drive to crime
The awakened heart and weld or break its chains.
Dear, very dear, too dear for what they cost,
That rend or damn us when all else is lost.

Wait till the "seer and yellow" brings its scars!
Then, I have long to wait! for through the years
Though Time himself may hobble, and the stars
Be torn and twisted in their vasty spheres—
She shall not change! she cannot change! but still
Be ever what she was ————————.
Think you it lessens that the galling chains
Are at her ankles, and her tender arms
Are red with bruises and with crimson stains?
Behind it all I mark her matchless charms!
And, though her jailor, yet he's not more free,
Compelled to bind her wrists and turn the key.
The yielding shell may falter to his will
For it is helpless and the sluggish blood
Like Acheron stagnate 'neath the rank distil
Of ravish poison dark'ning all its flood,
But over all, the changeless mind surveys
The base debauchery with indignant gaze.
The glorious light of that immortal soul
In undiminished splendour still shall rise,
More lovely than the nightly stars that roll
Their constellations through our northern skies,
To shine forever. Vain were my regret
Did she not be all that she should be yet!
'Tis love's ambition coupled with a hope
Sure as half-opened rose leaves, fair as she
Whose dark-brown eyes one day in heaven shall ope
And light my pathway through eternity:
Companion of my griefs, we yet shall joy
Where tears ne'er mar and troubles ne'er annoy.
Now ———— I'll close because the subject's one
That fills me with a grief I cannot quell,
Time yet may brighten ere my course be run
And life's calm sunset breathe a glad farewell,
For through the tears hope's rainbow often shines

Telling of leaves, and flowers, and whispering pines—
Telling of fairy foot-paths where the rose
Show'rs down its tender petals on the sand
Where through the summer hours the orange blows
For whisp'ring lovers wand'ring hand in hand,
Of fond embraces, sighs, and slumbers light,
And softer moons than honey-moons.—Goodnight!

VI.

Dear ——— I'd change that bitter theme
Through which such dire forebodings gleam
For it were better far to tell
A pleasing tale than "go to hell."
But how can I who've sighed so long
Breathe sunshine through a tearless song?
My soul so oft's been dipped in brine
The thoughts sob changeless through the line
Making me all I should not be —
A victim of adveristy.
So strange, so very strange it seems
That dearest fancies, sweetest dreams,
Are ever touched with some alloy
That tends to tincture half their joy.
E'en while I list earth's gladsome strains
The minor throbbingly complains;
The birds, and flow'rs, and woodland air
Still please, but they are sadly fair;
Society its charms may own
But I am happiest when alone.
Ev'n pillowed on some snowy breast
In love, caressing and caressed,
The dearest joys that man may know
In this unhallowed earth below—
The heart will breathe its secret sighs,
And sad tears gather to the eyes.

Nor marvel when the tender flame
That kindles either is the same,
From the same altar they arise
And float commingled to the skies
Wafting the incense, while it wakes,
From some poor heart that smiles or breaks.
Ask me no more! I'm not of those
Who change with ev'ry wind that blows,
But, shiftless in my grief, shall wend
All comfortless unto the end.

GLEANINGS OF THE GAMUT.

AN ACROSTIC.

May you be happy wherever you wander,
All that this world holds of pleasure be thine,
Round thee may Cupid his brightest shafts squander—
Yours be the joys that can never be mine.

Keep me in memory—t'is all I entreat, dear!
Ever to dwell in the depths of thy heart—
Onward and upward, though time's flight is fleet dear.
Upward and onward—love ne'er shall depart!
Growing, increasing—what power can sever
Heaven's dear bond of kinship that binds us forever?

THE DEBAUCHER.

With gentle garb, yet of all honor free,
The hermit crab crawls round the social sea—
A thing of gab and shell, a mere pretence,
A walking counterfeit devoid of sense,
Whose pseudo-surface like the dead lake's flow

But makes us ponder on the stench below,
A whitened tomb that outward charms the gaze
But 'neath whose shining face a corpse decays.
Seek in the soul for some idea bane
That fails to fit him, and you seek in vain:
Search through the language, and you cannot find
A term too base to suit his brackish mind.
A human jackal sullying with his lure,
He maims the beautiful, and wrecks the pure,
Barters to ruin, to the unguarded lies,
And coldly laughs while reputation dies,
Holds a friend's hand with confidential grasp
And his friend's wife with still more fervid clasp,
Meaner than him who boasts of virtue felled-
He vaunts of conquests even when repelled,
Gambles with things most sacred, spurns at debt
And knows no justice save what law can get--
A thief at heart, yet such a coward waif
Such little things as property are safe.
Good names and reputation are his prey,
For these he plots, and bears their worth away.
Worse than a knave--a scab! a mould'ring crust!
That drags the soul's ideals in the dust
Nor yet a felon! naught to bid him pause -
The finer ethics have no written laws!
No Blackstone rises on the forumed page
To quell the bleak intemperance of the age.
The bleeding victim sees with bated breath
No hope but poison, no relief but death!
So are we ruled, so justice organized,
And those who soil our sacred fanes assized.
Is there no hope? can time assure no mode
To keep intact the unrecorded code?
Awake ye men of wisdom! let us feel
The temper of your courage and your steel--

Ye too have daughters! Mend the legal text,
And damn the lustful beast—they may be next!
Leave not to conscience to collect the toll—
Conscience can strike but where there is a soul,
Its leaded leash has not the power to touch
The base desires and appetites of such.

ON READING THE LIFE OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

Sweet Rose, the fairest of thy sister flowers,
Thou livest still though all the rest decay,
Nor time can change, nor tempest blight thy bowers,
Or bear one tittle of thy sweets away.

LINES ON THE IMPRISONED BIRD.

I.

Unhappy bird! what cruel hand
Hath torn thee from thy wonted glen
And doomed thee in a cheerless land
To languish midst the haunts of men?

II.

In fancy does thy wand'ring eye
E'en now survey the flow'ry rills
And catch the beauty of the sky
That colors o'er thy native hills?

III.

Beside the nest, where yester-e'en
Thy mate poured forth his thrilling song,
Now silence wraps the leafy scene—
Thy mate shall wait thy coming long!

IV.

Oh, may he suffer e'en as thou,
Who placed thee in that dungeon drear!
And may the wrinkles on his brow
Grow deeper with the passing year!

V.

May some untimed invader steal
As he within his fair retreat,
And, deaf to mercy's last appeal,
Drag his loved idol from his feet!

VI.

May hunger chill his cheerful hearth!
His children vainly cry for bread!
May sorrow fill the place of mirth!
And sleep forsake his lonely bed!

VII.

For he who thus could pain thee so,
Were void of ev'ry gentle trait—
Oh, may it be his lot to know
The pangs of conscience, when too late!

AN EPIGRAM.

Tastes differ, choice the differing tastes disclose—
The ass prefers the thistle to the rose.

CONSECRATION ODE.

'Tis morning's prime:
The great procession forms
Beneath the grey roofs of the Aula
Clerics and priests, bishops elect, and those
Of higher dignity—
The snowy surplice gleams along the line
The regal purple last:
Honor and hope, faith and simplicity,
Harmonious mingled, move
Throbbing to one great issue.

O'er the deep
Beyond the confines of the eastern shore
The Old World stands at gaze
Touched by the gorgeous glittering spectacle:
And ev'n the heavens, as conscious of the time,
From far beyond the bourne of Neptune's orb
Calling its herald wanderer, proclaims it.

Reverend and slow, beneath the bending trees
Decked with the tender foliage of spring,
The solemn concourse passes o'er the pavement,
Up the steps, and under arching doors
Crossing the threshold
Fills the sacred fane.
Twined the green leaves and flowers fair,
The gathering of the fields and grove,
Bedeck the snowy altar there
With nature's offerings of love,
Where Mary's spotless lillies shine
Companions of the tender vine.

The burnished lamps enhance the sight,
Sol's glories through the window's stream,
And, high above the altar white,
The waxen tapers gleam.

Tune the glad harp, and bid the mellow strings
Break forth in music—'tis a joyous time!
More glorious than the pageant days of kings,
More elevated, honored, and sublime!
Their's is an earthly coronage that brings
But passing splendor. Let the organ sound
A nobler theme! the while the full-voiced choir,
Throned in the chancel, bursts in song profound,
Raising the hallowed anthem higher, ever higher.

Sweet! awful moments! sweet to those who bear
But golden wishes—filled with awe to him
About to dawn the highest dignity,—
The oath is set.—
The solemn mass [illegible]
Deeper and deeper [illegible]is the Kyrie
Waking majestic echoes, that beyond,
Mingle with others of a gentler tone
Borne from the altar, where in unison
Seven as one invoke the Deity
In pleadings of the ancient Gradual.
Oh, solemn moments! pregnant with the call
Of duties weightiest! ushering in the pow'r
Of ring and crosier,—
Now the awful words,
"Hoc est," by Jesus spoken in old days,
Touches the ear with softest melody.—
The Living Bread consumed, the sacred glove
And gilded mitre deck the chosen ones,
And, while upon the seat episcopal

With wonted pomp they sit
Enthroned beneath the o'er hanging canopy,
Sounds the Te Deum with majestic roll.

'Tis done: and lo! as oft of old
A spirit of etherial grace,
Its garments set with shining gold,
Stands in the sacred place;
With golden lyre it wakes the day,
The snowy fingers sweep the strings
And now the theme triumphant rings
And now it dies away
Now breathes of ardent labors nigh
Now whispers of the days gone by:

"Ye hallowed sons! ye chosen few!
Ye christianizers of the land!
That heart to heart and hand to hand
First led to regions new
Once more in memory's fadeless train
I bid ye to the wilds again,
The trackless wood, the boundless plain,
Once more in long review
Behold the deathless drama played,
Immortal plays that never fade!
The Huron leans upon his bow
To list the message borne afar;
The blue-eyed Mandan tells it low
Beneath a southern star.
From hill to hill, from tide to tide,
The Wakan's rites are cast aside:
By far Atlantic's restless sea
The simple Micmac bends the knee;
And nations of a western shore
Invoke their pagan gods no more.

Near yonder cataract that raves
Down broken ledges echoing o'er,
And by those mounds that mark the graves
Of mighty chieftains now no more
While Phœbus, smiling, kissed the land,
Sandaled and shorn I saw them stand.
Far down the snowy teepees stood,
Half shadowed by the vernal wood,
Where festive songs in tongues untold
Echoed through tree-trunks centuries old
Or, whispering in some sylvan glade,
The Indian wooed his dusky maid.
I saw them, and the while they gazed
Upon the enchanting scene,
Mayhap their souls in prophecy
Poured forth on all the yet-to-be
Mayhap they saw, in dim prospective rai-ed,
A mighty city o'er the deep ravine
Where now the camp-fires blazed
And mused upon the airy lines
Of palace, church, and cottage, seen
Half-hidden by surrounding pines,
And seemed to hear the tinkling knell
Low-echoed by the vesper-bell.

"But now the murmuring minor wake,
Their toils, their sufferings sadly tell—
The rumbling stream, the lonely lake,
But mark the spot they fell!
The rustling leaves, the Indian's yell,
The howling wind,—alone, for them,
Sobs through the fastness of the dell
A broken requiem.
They toiled, they bled, yet undismayed
From tribe to tribe the cross they bore—

Nor murmured, if the long day o'er
Beheld their labours scarce repayed.
They bled, they died, nor fleeting time
Knows lives more blameless or sublime,
More set to shine in glory's page
And move the laggards of *this* age.
They died, but in a goodly hour
The seeds they planted still survive,
And germinate, and fructify,
And know no death, and cannot die
While God asserts his Godlike power
And Grace is kept alive.

"Ye hallowed sons! ye chosen few!
In numbers half that gallant band
That Christ-like christianized the land
That Moses loved and Aaron knew—
What has the future years in store for you?
Of labor much, of suffering more
Yet of all pleasing to the sight—
The long day past, the labor o'er,
The yoke is sweet, the burden light.

"Put on the shining robes of truth
To combat falsehood from the land,
And teach old-age and wayward youth
To understand!

"Lead fallen man from good to good,
Some virtue ev'n adorns the worst—
Behold it! sift it from the rude!
And make it *first*!

"Mankind are conscious of their faults,
The hidden beauty's oft unknown—
Admire it! praise it! this exalts,
And *this alone*

"So shall the just more perfect grow,
The sinner shun his evil ways,
And love with its primeval glow
Enhance our days."

And thou, loved one, whose new-born dignity
Calls thee to wider labors -fare thee well!
When thou art gone, and in our midst we see
New faces less familiar, still shall dwell
In their beloved shrines undying memories,
Unfading recollections of the times
When thou wert ever with us, even as now:
Light be the mitre on thy hallowed brow!
And may the future years with golden chimes
Ring in the thousand joys we gladly wish for thee.

The curtain falls upon the festive scene:
The long Corinthian shafts and sounding wall
No longer echo the harmonious paean;
The harp is silent, and the melodious voice
That tuned it as though it had never been;
Softly the last departing footsteps fall;
The tapers smoke; and in the shadowed fane;
Stillness once more usurps her broken reign.

TEARS.

Tears! the refreshing raindrops of the soul
That fall when griefs are parting! gentle show'rs!
Soft comforters of woe! Ye can condole,
And make life's vanished peace again be ours.
What sympathy like yours to soothe and cheer
When through that bounteous moisture we behold
God's glorious bow in loveliest hues appear
Across the darkened past in gladness rolled?

A SOLILOQUY.

Even in my dog I've found more gratitude
Than in the frozen hearts of human things—
He thanks me for a bone! but these, for gifts
The highest man can offer to his fellows,
The congregated works of months and years,
The output of tired eyes and weary brain,
Hand me a viper—offer as reward
For that which cheers the heart, and e'er uplifts
Its votaries from the muck and mire of life,
The baseness of cold creeping recompense.
Yea! call it Fate! say nature out of tune,
Wed to a kindred prostitute, breeds monsters!
'Twere kinder spoken ev'n though from the mark
Than to attribute't to development.
Strange actions lend strange fancies to the mind
And strange imaginations stranger thoughts.
Are we, but as the coldly-chiseled block
That leaves the sculptor's hand, that takes on shape
Which way he wills, and therefore must be so?
Or is't that on the highway of this world
Each his own separate fortune makes or mars?
Something of both, perhaps, nor all of either—
Yet seems betimes as if Fate played the tyrant,
In its eternal meshes stifling will
And forcing us to ruin.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE ERECTION OF A CATHEDRAL.

I.

We do not ask for the fiery wine,
But only a little heat
To raise our drooping spirits
And to warm our hands and feet.

II.

'Twould make it feel somewhat homelike,
As Christmas-time draws nigh,
And take a shade from the darkness
That clouds this western sky.

III.

They have piles of coal in the engine room;
And the lordly "Ad." is warm.
But there's nothing left for the men in the "North"
But the biting frost and the storm.

IV.

A few small whiffs of sickly steam
Through the radiator wends,
A minute or two of comfort—
And the fair delusion ends!

V.

And the men in the "South" are in equal plight
As the lazy moments pass,
And their breath becomes a cloud of mist,
And the silver drops in the glass.

VI.

What matter though human lives may go?
The tyrant's laws are set
The heap in the chest is getting low
And death is better than debt!

VII.

For a temple must loom on yonder hill
Though dead men lay the stones
And every tile of its gilded dome
Is the price of human bones.

THE ACCEPTANCE.

I.

I have asked you dear for your promise true,
And the hopes of the clouded past
That hung on a word of your maiden lips
Have been realized at last.

II.

Oh, may we dwell together, dear,
Our souls as pure and white
As the snow that shines beneath the stars
On the wintry fields to-night.

III.

May I be still your idol rare,
And you my wonted fay,
Till life's last crimson sunset bears
Our kindred sweets away

IV.

Your heart be as the balsam fir
That grows on yonder hill,
That, through the changing months, retains
Its virgin freshness still;

V.

This arm that proudly guards thee now
Preserve its oaken form,
And e'en though shattered, place itself
Betwixt thee and the storm.

VI.

Sweet thoughts be thine, my gentle one,
Upon thy pillow white,
And may God's angels keep thee safe
My promised bride—goodnight!

AUTUMN LEAVES.

I.

Falling, falling, falling,
Even as we, too, shall fall,
When our days of life are numbered,
And God's angel gives the call.

II.

Falling, falling, falling,
With a rustle as they fall
From the birches and the maples,
From the oaks and ashes tall.

III.

They are dead, those brown leaves falling
To the frozen ground below,
And the tree no longer needs them
And it gently bids them go.

IV.

But they served their destined purpose,
Though their labors now are by,
For the branches that have borne them
Are grown nearer to the sky.

V.

So may we too, serve our brethren,
Living leaves of brawn and mind,
That, when gone, they well may call us
The uplifters of mankind.

THE DEATH OF BURNS.

AN ACROSTIC.

Round him the weeping muses throng,
O'er him they spread the blackened pall
Broke is the harp that burst in song,
Ended the life that beat for all.
Rest, weary spirit! gently rest
Thou loved one, Scotia's bard, and best!

Born to the peasant's lowly lot,
Upward and onward still he bore
Rough sheaves of wisdom, richly wrought,
Never-to-be-forgotten lore
Surpassing all that is or went before.

CRIPPEN'S FAREWELL.

I.

Adieu my lovely Clara,
I ne'er shall see you more,
Adieu my only idol
Our dream of love is o'er!
Yon sun that glistens coldly
On Thames dark rolling wave,
Its wintry beams ere twilight's hour
Shall fall upon my grave.

II.

I pray thee dry those bitter tears
And weep no more for me,
My soul shall ever cling to yours
Wherever you may be,
Still in thy dark eye's splendor
The love-light I shall ken,
And from thy lips rich crimson taste
Life's ecstasy again.

III.

Thy rich hair's flowing billows
Shall charm me as of old,
And when you deem yourself alone,
Your tiny hand I'll hold.
Yea, pillowed on that snowy breast,
Rocked by its gentle swell,
Enamored still and all unseen
Sweet tales to you I'll tell.

IV.

Oh, blame me not for her who lies
'Neath southern skies so blue,
Ungenial fortune bade us wed
But love we never knew—
Nay, gentle queen, thou wert alone
The lode-star of my life!
She was time's petted paramour—
Thou, my allotted wife!

V.

Adieu, dear heart, the jailor comes
To lead me to my doom,
With love's warm kiss upon the lips
My body seeks its tomb—
But fate shall guide thy lover still
Beyond this dreary cell,
And fashion joys we little know
From Crippen's sad farewell.

THOUGHTS ON MANITOBA.

I.

Let them boast of Manitoba and the great Canadian plain,
Of the mighty herds that grazing pass them by
Let them say that they are richer 'mid their fields of ripened grain,
Where the golden wheat is bounded by the sky—
But I know an eastern region where my spirit lingers still,
And in sadness I am often led to think
That I'd give them all my earnings just to sit beside the rill
On a farm away down East, and take a drink.

II.

I have reaped the bearded barley, I have stooked the yellow flax,
And for beauties that waved round me oft delayed,
I have thought that it were better to desert the stubborn ax,
And come where honest toil is better paid—
But often-times at evening, as with weary steps I wend
To the cover of the old well's dirty brink,
I would give a thousand dollars just in ecstasy to bend
O'er a stream away down East and take a drink.

III.

Let them hoard their filthy lucre, for there's something more than gold
For the restless heart that beats for better things—
As for me, with what suffices, I'm contented to grow old
Where beauteous nature digs her crystal springs.
Let them pierce the earth at Winnipeg with deep artesian wells—
The poison water flows where'er they sink!
And the fever-blasted country with a curse too plainly tells
That a man is better dead who cannot drink.

THE MANITOBA FARMER.

I.

He sees his gold in the rising sun
And lashes his steeds ahead,
And he sees it again when the day is done
And the evening sky is red.
For his heart is set on a gilded pile,
And he laughs as his coffer grows,
And bends his niggard knee with a smile
To the only god he knows.

II.

He would love, but his breast is a frozen thing
He would wed, but it were not best
For how can he spare a wedding ring
From the heap in the iron chest!
And a woman with dress must be embossed,
And children must be fed,
And a man who must undergo such cost
Were ten times better dead.

III.

The weary beggar stops at his door
With a face that is pale and wan
And craves a mite from the treasured store—
But is coldly told "move on!"
For he is no friend of misery
Or the luckless sons who roam,
And, declares with an oath, his charity
Begins and ends at home.

IV.

His hired man he drives like a beast
From the morning star till night,
Nor rests content when the day has ceased
With the lantern's ghostly light,
Restless and stern on his goodly couch
He cons the day's work o'er,
While Satan near with a fawning crouch
Holds up one dollar more.

V.

He has no use for the church of God
And its sascerdotal pest,
And the seventh day to this soulless clod
Is truly a day of rest!
Talk not to him of heaven or hell,

He credits not such trash
Eternity is a phantom fell,
And there's nothing sure but cash.

VI.

Deluded fool! when Death draws near
And his eyes are seared and dim,
He'll turn aside and refuse to hear
But Death will talk to him:
"Come, bare your breast to the shining scythe!
I grant no second call!
And learn, as in endless pangs you writhe,
That lucre is not all!"

SHADOW FALLS.

I.

Leaping over the boulders
Into the vale below,
With a voice like distant thunder,
The broken waters go—
Not a sound as of mighty tempest
That deafens and appals
But a gentle murmur touches
The ear at Shadow Falls.

II.

The fossiled rocks that ages
Have loosed from their weakened hold
Lie scattered where time tossed them
In the thousand years of old;
The tree-trunks set in the ledges
Pillar the sloping walls
That lead by many a leafy path
To the depths of Shadow Falls.

III.

Oft I have stood in the valley,
Many a time and oft
When the summer sun shone dimly
Through the leafy limbs aloft
And there, like a hermit dreaming
In the midst of nature's halls,
I thought of all the might-have been
In the gorge of Shadow Falls.

IV.

Of the wounded Sioux that wandered,
As the shaft from his breast he tore,
To bathe his brow in the cooling stream
When the battle's brunt was o'er;
Of gleaming fires in the distance,
Where naught but echo calls
To the silent ones that lit them there
Far down from Shadow Falls.

V.

Mayhap the Indian lover,
Ling'ring at even-tide,
Awaited there in the twilight
The step of his dusky bride—
While one by one from the fissures,
Like monks from their dingy stalls,
The black-winged night-birds flitted
Half-heard o'er Shadow Falls.

VI.

They passed those olden glories
From the foot-hills and the plain,
They died with the dying ages,
Tinctured with joy and pain—

And now on the verdant uplands
College at cottage walls
Look down on the silent valley
O'erhanging Shadow Falls.

VII.

And so in the distant future
Others may say at last,
As they search our crumbling ruins,
"*Their* glories too are past!"
Flow on, oh rumbling waters,
Echo to echo calls,
And stranger tongues shall answer back
In the vale of Shadow Falls.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG.

I.

Let others cry thee down—
Whate'er benest,
To me thou art the brightest and the best.

II.

Flag of my native land,
I see thee still
Far-flung from wind-swept battlement and hill!

III.

Thy glorious colors catch
The joyous breeze
Hung from a thousand masts upon the seas.

IV.

O'er town and hamlet,
Over hill and plain,
Thy triple crosses wave beyond the main.

V.

They hold me still
With that unbroken joy
That touched my waking fancy when a boy.

VI.

Can scorn or traitors hiss
Bid thee depart,
Or tear thy long-loved image from my heart?

VII.

Never! the cloud that gathers
Darkling o'er,
But makes thee brighter than thou wert before.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF FATHER HUGHES.

I.

Another day has wended to a close
A day of aching hearts!
The sun that with a thousand joys arose,
In gloom departs.

II.

No flag at half-mast to the breezes let,
No sad bell tolls:
Only a simple message of regret
From distant souls.

III.

In yonder chapel, where in happier days
We knelt in prayer,
We heard the news — we listened with amaze
And trembled there.

IV.

It could not be! he surely were the last
Whom Death would strike
Away delusive hope! we know the past!
Death levels all alike!

V.

The man, the priest of God, the gentle sage,
The good, the true:
We miss his genial presence from the stage
The long day through:

VI.

A friend to all, to me — yes, something more!
For happ'nings past,
For treasured gems that memory keeps in store,
And that shall last.

AN ACROSTIC.

I.

Just as the twilight was calling
Evenings' grey shadows round
And the bright moon-beams were falling
Near on the snowy ground
Down from the North came a message
On like the sound of a bell,
Yearning I hopefully listened
Longing to know all was well—
Even I hoped all was well.

II.

Joy had been mine as I listened
Even as now my pain,
And how my sad eyes had glistened
Near me to see thee again,
Darkness had fled from the morning
Op'ning the havens of light--
Yesterday all was so hopeful-
Lingering shadows to-night-
Endless the shadows tonight.

MY GARDEN.

I.

I planted a garden with beautiful flowers
And lovingly watched them the long summer through,
And I dreamed as I sat 'neath the o'er-hanging bowers
That mine were the loveliest flowers that grew.

II.

Though seven in number their delicate petals
In exquisite colours outrivalled the bow,
And the sheen of their stems, like the richest of metals,
Enhanced the green herbage that glittered below.

III.

My plants I had gathered wherever I found them:
One grew by the wayside; and one on the hill;
And two the bright glow of the city was round them;
And one spread its leaves by a murmuring rill:

IV.

The others I sought as I recklessly wandered
From ocean to ocean, from mountain to plain,—
And little I thought of the hours that I squandered
Those elegant plants for my garden to gain.

V.

So enraptured with gladness, 'twas little I thought
That the loveliness round me should ever decay,
'Twas little I dreamed that the treasures I'd got
That the thieves bent on pillage should carry away.

VI.

Alas for my faith! one by one they were taken--
The flowers I loved, I shall see them no more!
And others shall bloom, but shall never awaken
To breathe the sweet incense of days that are o'er.

THE MAID OF GLEN FALLS.

I.

One day from the city,
So runneth my ditty,
As I worked around in my old overhauls--
There came to our village,
My young heart to pillage,
The charming Beatrice, the maid of Glen Falls.

II.

So young and so sprightly,
I thought it full knightly
To pilot her round and attend to her calls,
We wandered together
In all kinds of weather
Myself, and Beatrice, the maid of Glen Falls.

III.

Her eyes they were brighter
Her step it was lighter
Than any I yet had beheld in our halls—

But something about her
Inclined me to doubt her
The charming Beatrice, the maid of Glen Falls.

IV.

Says I, now, my beauty,
I think it's my duty
To find if there's any more steeds in your stalls.
'Twere better to tarry,
Than recklessly marry
The charming Beatrice, the maid of Glen Fal's.

V.

I told her my story—
She spoke of old Glory,
Of theatres, banquets, of picnics and balls,
Of all who had chased her
In hopes to embrace her
The charming Beatrice, the maid of Glen Falls.

VI.

Says I, now my pretty,
Go back to the city!
Go back to your theatres, picnics, and balls!
Go back to your courters!
I'm none of your sporters,
My charming Beatrice, the maid of Glen Falls.

THE WOODS OF GROVELAND PARK.

I.

Beyond the red brick buildings
Where countless branches fling
Their shadows o'er the winding path
My fancy now takes wing--
No flight above the lonely hills
Invites my genial bark
But nature's more belovëd haunts--
The woods of Groveland Park.

II.

There often in ye olden days
The witless student bore
His chunks of tried philosophy
And theologic lore,
And, seated on some mossy trunk,
In hopes to make a mark,
Wrestled with problems far beyond
The woods of Groveland Park.

III.

There too, when early spring-time decked
The earth with tend'rest green
When skies were blue and flowers new
O'er all the hills were seen
To robe themselves in nature's charms
Or have a quiet spark,
St. Paul's unequaled maidens sought
The woods of Groveland Park.

IV.

Nor yet forgotten how they played
Whose lives were but begun,
Whose faces shone with beauty rare

Beneath the smiling sun
Whose young hearts beat with pulse as pure
As throbs beneath the bark
The vivifying life that wakes
The woods of Groveland Park.

V

How often friends, when tasks were o'er,
We wandered 'neath these trees
To pluck [illegible] violets
And sweet [illegible]
Or seated in some leafy glade
Beheld the meadow lark
Winging its airy flight beyond
The woods of Groveland Park

VI.

How often when the sun had set
Adown the western sky,
On yonder path beneath the stars
We wandered, you and I—
While friendship lit the genial way,
Though all the world was dark,
As burned the city's lamps behind
The woods of Groveland Park.

VII.

The bud may lose its tender hue,
The old-leaf's crimson fade—
But love is fresh as when she grew
In her eternal glade:
Aye, friend, 'tis she that holds the helm
And guides my fragile bark,
While memory with joy recalls
The woods of Groveland Park.

IN YOUTH'S GOLDEN MORNING.

I.

In youth's golden morning a young Indian lover
In sorrow looks down from a dark mountain's brow,
He thinks of the days ere his bright dreams were over
Of her whom he loved 'neath the red cedar's bough;
The green valleys 'neath him in sunshine are waking,
The bright skies above bend their tend'rest of blue
But earth calls in vain when the crushed heart is breaking
And heaven's pure tints only sadden the view.

II.

Sadly he thinks of that loved one,
Thinks of the days that are past
Quickly they flew as our best pleasures do
Too golden-hued always to last;
Slowly he turns to the foot-path
Holding the half-bended bow,
Sighing in pain that his best hopes are vain
And wends to his wigwam below

III.

How oft in the past when the twilight was falling
He sailed with his love o'er the clear crystal stream!
How oft by her tent when the night-birds were calling
He held her soft hand in the moon's gentle gleam!
But now in the alders the paddles are lying,
The light birch-canoe moulders lone on the shore,
And round the white wigwam the poplars are sighing
Like him who in sorrow shall sigh ever more

IV.

Adieu, leafy glens where their best days were squandered!
And thou, too, dark mountain, a last long adieu!
The beauties that charmed, while together they wandered,
Are vanished and gone like the sweet mountain dew:
And thou, lovely one, who in silence is sleeping
Where bend the dark cedars o'er yon verdant hill
Remembrance still holds in its own sacred keeping
And bids him partake of thy loveliness still.

V.

Sadly he thinks of that loved one
Thinks of the days that are past,
Quickly they flew as our best pleasures do,
Too golden-hued always to last
Slowly he turns to his wigwam
Sighing that thus they should part
Then with a pause
The bright dagger he draws,
And drives the keen blade to his heart.

MARY'S ADIEU TO FRANCE.

I.

Adieu, thou lovely land of France!
The only land beloved by me—
Where, nourished 'neath thy kindly glance,
I passed my tender infancy.

II.

The ship that tears me from thy smile
But bears a captive o'er the sea,
My body seeks a friendless isle—
My soul, dear France, returns to thee!

III.

And, may it, since it still is thine,
In thy remembrance sometimes be
And, at the foot of pleasure's shrine,
Remind thee with a tear of me.

IV.

Adieu, dear France! while memory lives
No brighter scenes I e'er shall know—
God only knows the pain it gives,
And how unwillingly I go

TO C.

I.

In the stillness of my chamber,
Garnished by the festal bough,
I weave a crown of mistletoe
To place upon thy brow.

II.

But while love gently labours
My stricken spirit grieves,
And many a teardrop sadly falls
Upon the shining leaves.

III.

For, other hands shall fashion
The wreath that thou shall wear.
And other fingers twine their gifts
About your raven hair.

SPRING.

Sweet season! fairest of thy sister maids!
Once more thy beauteous feet are on the hill,
Once more thy genial presence haunts the glades,
And paints the lea, and colors o'er the hill—
Once more to woo thee, loved one, I essay—
Nor cold and heartless is thy virgin smile
Like those I meet upon life's thorny way,
The cursëd breeds of fashion and of guile.

LINES ON A DECEIVER.

I.

Did your conscience ever chide you
As that fair one sat beside you
And you told her of a love you did not feel?
Did you know that you would grieve her,
As you Satan-like deceived her,
With a sorrow that the future ne'er could heal?

II.

Like a sneaking cur you chased her,
Like a Judas you embraced her,
Like a poison-ivy wound about her heart—
Till in an evil hour,
When completely in your power,
You steal away her virtue and depart.

III.

Now she walks alone in sadness
Goaded almost into madness
Little recking what the future years may bring,

All her best hopes hung about you,
She was far too pure to doubt you
When you placed upon her hand that lying ring,

IV.

When you told her of the marriage,
Of the black steeds and the carriage—
Poor, foolish girl, she little knew your aim!
She little knew the sorrow
That awaited on the morrow—
A ruined life, and a dishonored name.

V.

Her friends in silence pass her,
With the low out-cast they class her,
She holds no more a place within the town:
Her enemies pursue her
As further to undo her,
To plunge her lower yet and deeper down.

VI.

You boast of your transaction—
You laud the Godless action—
You tell your mates she was an easy mark!
She's far beyond your level
Base hypocritic devil,
Who wrecked her budding girlhood in the dark.

VII.

She trusted you, believed you,
She had not thus deceived you,
For innocence can never stoop to guile—
And, even now, though lowly,
Her soul is pure and holy
And uncorrupted glistens all the while.

VIII.

The temple's walls are shattered,
Its tapestries are tattered,
It bears the mark of the despoiler's hand—
But through the broken sashes
The vestal-fire still flashes
In undiminished splendor to the land.

TO C.

I.

I could look into those glowing eyes forever,
In which the light of love so fondly thrills,
Those glorious orbs, that scintillate together
Like stars of evening o'er my native hills.

II.

Thy matchless brows that lend their kindred splendour,
Straight as a raven's wings that soars on high—
How exquisite of line, how darkly tender
Beneath the forehead's spotless snows they lie.

III.

The polished cheeks so delicately tinted,
The nose a sculptor's hand had loved to trace,
The well-cut lips with sweetest smile imprinted,
But add new beauty to thy wond'rous face.

IV.

And last, nor least, thy rich hair's flowing billows
Falling about thy girlish shoulders down,—
How oft on yonder seat beneath the willows
They mingled happ'ly with these threads of brown!

V.

Alas, when memory like a phantom carries
We twain in spirit to yon sacred grove—
No marvel youth delays and fancy tarries
To tell once more the old sweet tales of love!

VI.

Once more methinks the stars are softly shining,
And in the west the new moon glistens fair,
As in the night, when, on this breast reclining,
You sealed our kindred souls forever there.

VII.

To prison-walls, my beauteous, they assigned thee,
Thou art the tenant of a cheerless cell—
But thy fair hands have forged the links that bind thee,
And hold thee pow'rless as the bonds of hell.

VIII.

Oh, gladly would I tear the chains asunder
That doom thee from thy joys to dwell apart,—
But fate is fixed! and heaven with its thunder
Forbids the thousand yearnings of the heart.

SO PASSING FAIR.

I.

So passing fair—yet holding all
The venom of the poisonous vine!
Who would have thought that I should fall
By tasting of such sweets as thine?
Like other fools, I snatched the flow'r
But conscious of its outer bloom
And places it in an evil hour
To decorate—my tomb

II.

I oft had hoped, in better days
'Twould blossom in a brighter place
But now my dearest hope decays
With all its promises of grace,
And naught is left me save the shroud
That rustles round the darkened pall,
The rumbling thunder, and the cloud,
And gloom that covers all.

III.

Farewell, dear one! I cannot weep,
So deeply do I feel regret,
Earth's shattered dreams in death shall sleep
But you, I never can forget.
Yes, come what may, in calm or storm
Where e'er my pilgrimage may wend,
I still shall see thy glorious form
Undimmed unto the end.

IV.

Farewell! I go, I know not where,
Borne by the waves and tempest-shocks—
Nor, in my wand'rings do I care
How soon I drift upon the rocks.
Welcome ye winds and breakers roll!
Your voices are not half so deep
As those wild throbbings of the soul,
That will not let me sleep.

A THOUGHT.

I.

The twinkling stars of evening one by one
Beyond the western hill-tops sadly set,
Like agëd friends —we say, "their race is run,"
Mourn for a time, grow careless, and forget.

II.

The twinkling stars of morning one by one
Fade from the eastern skies at break of day,
Like hearts we've loved and lost — we say, "'tis done,"
And fain would hide our tears, but weep for aye

STANZAS SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

I.

A simple picture, one that I
Have loved since in that happy land
I first received it from thy hand
And still shall treasure till I die.

II.

"In fond remembrance," holy words!
The sad o'erflowings of the soul,
Sweet as the warbled sounds that roll
When spring-time wakes the woodland birds.

III.

"With loving wishes," yes, dear one,
Thou ever wished the best for me,
And my desire had been with thee
To linger till life's setting sun.

IV.

But Fate, that harbinger of woe,
Decreed throu should'st another wed,
Although thine eyes with tears were red,
And, icy-visaged, bade me go.

"I HAVE NO MORE TO SAY."

I.

Give me back the heart that's broken
With the hopes of youthful day
Speak again the words you've spoken—
For "I have no more to say."

II.

Years aback, a girl, I met you,
Listened to your tender lay,
Little dreamed I'd ne'er forget you—
But "I have no more to say."

III.

Fondly then you held my fingers,
Touched my lips in gentlest way,
Still the dear impression lingers—
But, "I have no more to say."

IV.

Youth is gone, and with youth's morning
Hope, too, hastened to decay,
Sunset hour gives saddest warning—
And, "I have no more to say."

HAIL, ARDENT LOVE.

Hail, ardent Love, with fever fired,
In all thy loveliest robes attired!
How often since it felt thy breath
Has this frail being longed for death—
For he who courts thy fickle flame,
In heart is never all the same.
And woe to him who woos amiss,
Whose chosen one can ne'er be his!
The panting veins surge ever on
The restless flood till life is gone;
The quickened heart beats doubly fast,
All sad and hopeless to the last.
In vain the wretched suff'rer seeks
The beauteous bloom of other cheeks—
In vain his quivering lips may taste
Their fancied sweets—all, all is waste.
Before him in the gathering gloom
He seeks a home, but finds a tomb.
For, who can take the place of one
Who turned his thoughts from sun to sun?
She was his day! she was his light!
And when she vanished—all was night.
In vain with books he borrows ease—
In vain to baffle the disease!
Ev'n while he reads will fancy trace
The image of that faultless face,
And restless air call forth amain
The dear-loved lineaments again.
Where e'er he turns, it matters not,
The undying likeness haunts the spot.

LOVE SHALL LIVE FOREVER.

I.

Dear girl, the ties of early love
Death has not pow'r to sever,
Though all else change, there's something tells
That these shall last forever.

II.

I count my treasures one by one,
Oft-times of best endeavor,
And watch them banish, with a smile,
They cannot last forever.

III.

Suns may be quenched, and systems fall,
And sages tell us—"never!"
But Jesus whispers through it all;
"Yes, love shall last forever."

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF FATHER MORRISCY.

I.

Bid the harp sound in honor of that soul
Whose virtuous life bespeaks melodious days—
Whose ev'ry act is centred in one goal,
The peoples' welfare and the Master's praise.

II.

When great ones die, when conquering kings depart,
The quarries ring, the sculptor's brow is bent:
A good man dies—nor is adorned by art—
His life, his actions, are his monument,

III.

And shall live on when Gizeh's blocks are dust—
When Rome's last shafts with Tiber's ruins fall—
When Hellas' glories dwindle to a bust—
And England marks her empire by a wall!

IV.

That star that shed its mild seraphic light
From yonder pole when Babel's temples rose,
Still guides the way-worn trav'ller through the night,
And cheers the wave-tossed sailor with its glows.

V.

And such is he to those who mourn him now,
And such shall be to those who shall succeed;
To him, who gazed upon that God-like brow,
A changeless type to ev'ry race and creed.

VI.

His life was pure, his sacred name unstained—
Too bright a soul for these corrupted days,
When wealth, and pow'r, and influence, are strained
To grasp the bauble of degenerate praise—

VII.

When blind unheeding fools with garbled tongues
Dub innocence a sham, and chasten crime—
When Folly spreads her laws with bursting lungs;
And Churchmen sell their honor for a dime—

VIII.

When he who labors best is reckoned worst—
When he is holiest who is most impure—
When he who seeks but gratitude is cursed;
And he is deemed a felon who is poor.

IX.

He is not dead! but yet is in our midst,
And lives, and works, for virtue never dies—
Still lingers with the lowly, and still bids
The shattered frame and wretched soul to rise.

TO MY MOTHER.

I.

I shall linger still in the light of thine eyes
When beyond the western shore
The burnt-out sun sinks down the skies
And sets to rise no more.

II.

Those glorious orbs shall glimmer still
With the love-light as of old
When the moon hangs ghostly o'er the hill,
And the smoking stars grow cold.

III.

When the clouds no longer form and fade
On the wings of the summer air
I shall see their wonted light and shade
In the depths of your auburn hair.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

I.

Adieu, old year! another pier
Looms up in time's unbroken bridge,
Another arch, that I must tread
Upon earth's pilgrimage.

II.

We have been tried companions long,
And yet, methinks, 'twere but a day,
So soon our airy moments pass
So soon they fade away.

III.

When first I met thee thou wert young,
My loved one, and I deemed thee fair,
The light of life was in thy cheek
And on thy raven hair

IV.

And when you look me by the hand
And smiled upon me, I was glad,
I followed thee, nor little dreamed
I ever should be sad.

V.

Alas, the change! for scarce the morn
Had waned ere clouds began to rise,
And bitter north winds blew their blasts
Across our genial skies.

VI.

Few happy days I since have known,
Oft wand'ring luckless from the way—
By human faith and demon craft,
And mortals led astray.

VII.

But thou thus far hast led me safe
And now to other hands confide
The homeless pilgrim journeying
Across life's treacherous tide

VIII.

Adieu, old year! the hour is struck!
And in the sounding skies afar,
Through boundless and eternal space
Star echoes it to star.

A WANDERER'S RESOLUTION.

I.

My last idól lies on the shore where it fell
With its promise of heaven and tribute of hell,
Where oft in the past I have knelt at its shrine,
And tasted its pleasures, and deemed it divine.

II.

But alas! for the hopes and the joy, and the trust
That are fixed upon earth and its wavering dust
Our dreams are but shadows; reliance, in vain;
And the happiness sought but the essence of pain.

III.

That forehead, I thought but a goddess might bear!
The finely arched brows, what perfection was there!
The eyes, where all light seemed to soften and dwell,
So long I admired them—no wonder I fell!

IV.

The nose that a sculptor would glory to trace;
The ringlets that fell round the pale oval face;
The lips, that in hue with the roddan might vie—
I ne'er shall forget, but their conquests are by.

V.

Their conquests are o'er, and I turn from the past
With a sigh for old glories not fated to last,
With a tear for the hours that too idly were spent,
And a hope that I yet may have time to repent.

VI.

The neck that in gracefulness rivalled the breast
Where the flakes of the mountains unnoticed might rest—
How oft have I bent o'er that phantom of snow,
And fancied a warm heart was beating below

VII.

How oft, dear delusion, that hand I have held,
And deemed those fair fingers all others excelled!
How oft in my dreams, when chained fancy was free,
A lover, I roamed through the woodland with thee!

VIII.

I saw but the surface, nor dreamed that the touch
Of thy joys was as deadly as Lucifer's clutch,
That the taste of thy lips and the sweets of thy breath
Were the ashes of hell and the odors of death.

IX.

Let it lie, the dear sham! such deceptors shall be
Till the dread trumpet echoes o'er mountain and sea,
Till the region of death calls the last of the race,
And eternity smiles in the sufferer's face.

X.

But onward, my soul! for the battle is vain,
One passion controlled, if a hundred remain—
If a hundred, ungoverned, enslave us at will,
Our shackles yet bind! we are prisoners still!

XI.

'Tis a fight to the end—and he only is brave
Who lays down his arms by the side of his grave,
Who, weary and scarred, in the service remains
Till the last foe is conquered and howling in chains.

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

I.

With a look of pain he turns to go,
Her tiny foot delays—
For something bids them linger still
At the parting of the ways.

II.

A something, aye a something,
A turning to old days,
A treasured hope that still endures
At the parting of the ways.

III.

He takes her willing hand in his,
Her eye the act repays—
For something tells they'll meet again
At the parting of the ways.

IV.

A tear drops from his saddened eye,
His lips to hers he lays,
And, lovers still, they bid adieu
At the parting of the ways.

A SATIRE.

When summer laughs in heartfelt glee around
And scatters fragrance to the ripening ground
Then to the fields the laughing urchins go
Trip over daisied banks and violets low,
Or, seated 'neath the shade of some tall tree,
List to the junco's hidden minstrelsy,
Or, watch the industrious bee, as hour on hour
It seeks the wondrous treasures of the flow'r,
Or, when on rich brown pinions, sunbeam-glassed,
The butterfly all airy launches past,
Ply the light limbs to overtake the prize
And see the treasure just before their eyes—
Yet, when they move to capture, takes quick flight,
Now up, now down, but never out of sight.
In quick pursuit: it stoops in soon, and sips
The fragrant sweetness from the daisies' lips—
Alas, the pause! for cruel fingers close
Around its life of glee, the only life it knows—
Unkindly walls frown o'er its little day,
For prison dark it quits the flow'ry way,
Through rounded bars, though yielding, yet secure,
The warm fair fields would still the imprisoned lure,
The soft blue sky, inviting, stretches still
Where waves the dark green cedars o'er the hill,
And many a gay companion of the lea
Fills its wee soul with longings to be free.
Short is the struggle! tiny wings in vain
Beat the dark dungeon in their maddening pain,
Till, closer drawn, the walls together pressed,
Still the sad heart and crush the aching breast.
With proud-arched eyes the youth in rapture opes
That murderous hand, that sepulchre of hopes!
Why creeps those shadows o'er his sloping brow?

Why that dull frown?—he were all joy till now.
Alas! the beauteous insect crushed and dead
Sheds no bright beauty from its lowly bed;
Its wings are stiffening, and the clammy hands
Hold the fair impress of those scarlet bands—
Stripped of the lively tints that gave them power
To charm the eye and gild the passing hour,
Void of all loveliness— the unfeeling eye
Turns from the sickly waste the hand casts by.

And so the world, she of the gentler mood
Surveys the whole and overlooks the good.
Ere yet the pleasure of her maiden days
Are varnished o'er by Fashion's sickly glaze—
Ere yet the fine machinery of the heart
Is moved by nature's impulse, not by art,
The outward glamour of material things
Wins her young heart and lends ambition wings.
As fairest flow'rs flash soonest on the eye
She courts the first to pass the lesser by,
Forgetful that the brightest blossoms hold
The deadly poison in their matchless mould—
Forgetful that more lowly petals bound
The tender cup that scatters joy around.
Oft-times her wileless amour vilely caught
Proud madam joys to strangle on the spot,
Her deadened conscience feels no sickly pain—
Like Lucifer, she sets her trap again!
And yet again! till last, her conquest o'er,
Her brightness gone—she can entice no more.
And now with wrinkled brow and sordid mien,
She thinks of all the things she might have been,
Seeks the dull corner of her darkened room
Where chiding spectres throng the partial gloom—
And seated there, alone, uncared, unsought,
Withers, and dies, forgetting and forgot.

HERALDS OF THE SEASONS.

I.

What time the robin warbles in the tree
And sunshine gilds the pathway of the bee,
When roses open, and, with winsome smile,
Earth softly speaks through many a budding aisle—
Know that the Spring, the genial spring is here
With love's own sweets, the earliest of the year.

II.

What time the herds the half-dried rivers wade,
Or on the hillsides seek the wooded shade,
When apples redden in the fiery ray,
And the slow dial tells the lengthened day—
Know that the Summer with a generous hand
Scatters its rip'ning favours o'er the land.

III.

What time the reaper whets the ringing scythe,
And o'erworked bees no longer leave the hive,
When through the night the early frosts come down
And on the ridge the leaves are turning brown—
Know that the Autumn bids us take once more
The weighted fruitage of her copious store.

IV.

What time the leafless tree hangs low and cold,
And grasses wither in a living mould,
When low sweet warblings lull to rest no more,
And dark grey clouds hang round the western shore—
Know that the Winter comes with all its blast,
And hands despotic rule the land at last.

THE SYLVAN BOWER.

I.

There is a spot that I love well,
'Tis 'neath the cedar's soft green bough,
And, but the whisp'ring winds may tell
Its sylvan beauty: oh, that thou,
Sweet one! wouldst seek that fair retreat
And with me share the blissful seat!

II.

A silver stream meanders by,
And, as it wanders, sweetly sings
Of many a spot no longer nigh;
And there to rest their weary wings
The wheeling swallows oft delay
When sunset tints the dying day.

III.

Upon a cliff of purple hue
A tasselled pine in silence gleams,
And o'er it bend the tend'rest blue
Of northern skies: to me, it seems
As if the gods themselves might dwell
In that sweet place and love it well.

IV.

And I have sought companionship
And found it there, and loved to hear
The tender words from many a lip
Low-echoed through the thickets near,
And ev'ry trembling leaf and flower
Brought joy into my sylvan bow'r.

V.

The red-breast there may warble long
His lay of love, and o'er the stream
His mate return its fitting song;
And there the drowsy owl may dream,
And, nodding in its caverned room,
Sleep happy in the twilight gloom;

VI.

The chickadee from limb to limb
Flit through the long, long summer day;
And in the far recesses dim
Be heard the laughter of the jay;
While low and hollow echoes come
From ridges where the partridge drum;

VII.

And here the moose-bird winds its horn;
And there the woodcock's hammer sounds;
And, where the redly-laden thorn
Bends heavy o'er the sedgy grounds,
The lonely bittern drives his stakes
Half hidden in the yellow brakes;

VIII.

The raven with its sterner cry
May loiter here; and, on the streams,
The lordly duck go sailing by
To nest wheree'er its mate bedeems;
And through the wood, the monarch moose
Roam scathless 'neath the virgin spruce.

IX.

The softet carpest spreads its green
Beneath the stately trunks, that rise

Unto a world of leaves; between
Is many a fairy path, that lies
Methinks alone for lovers' feet—
That yours, mayhap and mine, should greet.

X.

There spring-time knows its tend'rest leaf;
And summer's bloom hath sweetest smell;
There autumn's days are all too brief
So lovely is the tinted dell;
And winter's snow seems yet more white
Beneath the long December night.

XI.

And I have builded in that place
A marble palace—'tis for you,
Sweet maid! and only you may grace
Its sculptured halls of saffron hue!
Those glittering floors of purest pearl
Are for thy tiny feet, sweet girl!

XII.

And only they shall echo o'er
The paths that angels may not tread,
And only thou shalt ope yon door
And lead where none before have led:
If not—then fall, O kindly tow'r,
And crush me 'neath my sylvan bow'r!

ALICE.

I.

Last eve my heart with sadness wept
For one no longer here,
And now another day has come,
And all the sky is clear,
But memory's cloud still forms and floats
Above the fields of ripened oats.

II.

'Tis noon: I linger in the glade
Where late the reaper stood,
And, in brown sheaves, upon the ground,
Red-stained with Autumn's blood,
I see the grain that yesterday
Swung beauteous in the sunset ray:

III.

The yellow buttercup that smiled
And nodded in the breeze;
The modest daisy rimmed with white;
And fairer flow'rs than these—
Are fallen! as we too shall fall,
For Time's bright blade hangs over all.

IV.

And she for whom I mourn, she loved
Those withered flow'rs and called them friends,
And she like them has passed away,
And, like a flow'r, her young life ends.
She was as bright, her days as few,
She seemed but come to bid adieu.

V.

Wing on fond spirit! would that I
Were now as happy and as free—
Soar on athrough yon cloudless sky,
Where I have long desired to be!
A few short years, and, by thy side,
I, too, shall through the heavens glide.

VI.

A few short years—for something tells
'Twill not be long—oh, speed the time!
Ring out, ring out funereal bells!
And sad winds, gather in the lime—
Thy shade is sweet, oh, sorrowed tree—
I come to thee! I come to thee!

A DREAM.

I.

I laid me down beneath the shade
Of yonder tree to sleep,
There was no wind, the night was still,
The moon upon the deep,
And as I lay in silence there—
From out the woods aback
A lovely maiden neared the spot,
And gently whispered, "Jack!"

II.

I heard: the voice was soft and sweet
Though touched with sadness now,
And sorrow's lines were dimly traced
Upon that snowy brow,

The eyes still held their old-time light
But tears had changed their glance,
They shone like clouded stars at night
Through the heaven's wide expanse

III.

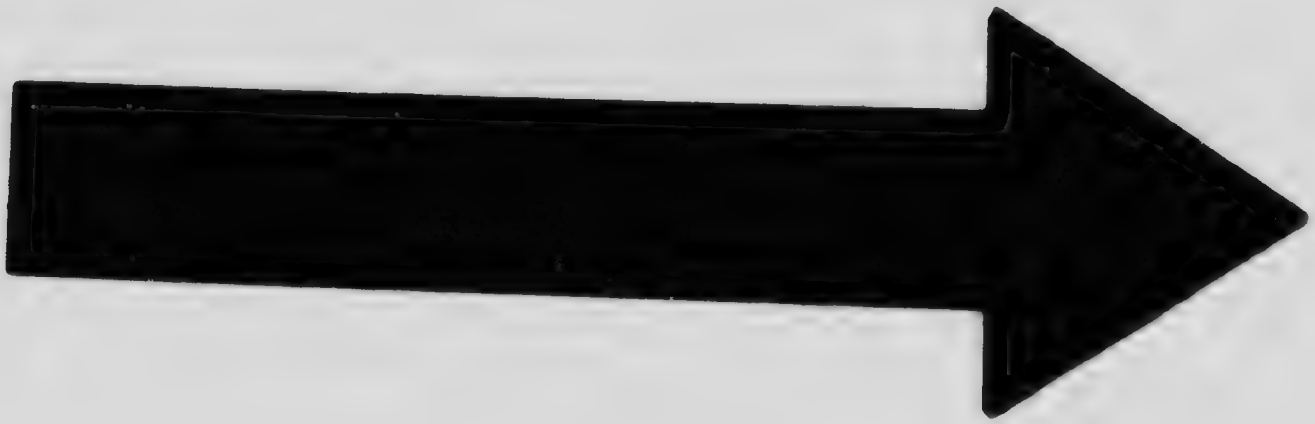
I rose: the touch of that white hand
Could thrill as oft of yore,
Nor was I startled though the form
That of a phantom bore!
Thin as the clear, cool air that leaps
Upon the mountain's brow
When cold December's nights are bleak
Was that enchantress now.

IV.

A tiny bark lay anchored near
That with the gentle swell
Of the pulsing tide moved tremblingly
As the waters rose and fell,
The sea-weed grasped the anchor-rift,
And the sails all snowy hung
Like fleecy clouds from the far-off skies
That fell on the masts and clung.

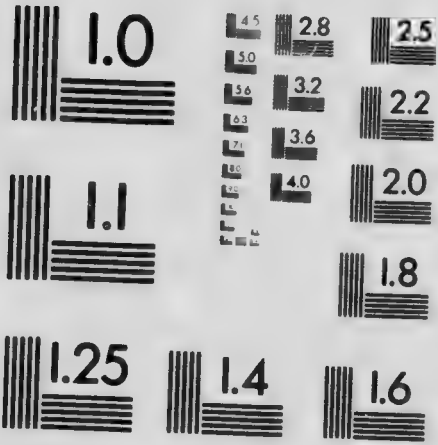
V.

The fair enchantress reached her deck,
I knew but to follow now—
"Come Jack!" she said, "we'll sit tonight
Far out on the moonlit prow,
You need not fear, for the wind is low
And no ruffle is on the sea,
I loved you once in the long ago
And still you are dear to me."



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

VI.

And safely come, she spread for me
In soon and by her side,
A rich-dyed crimson robe that fell
Half down to the purple tide:
"Now seat thee there, my lover lad,"
She said, "and thou shalt know
The tale of all my suff'rings since
We parted long ago.

VII.

I listed me, and the words she spoke
Still ring in my sorrowed ear—
But the restless voice of the morning woke,
And I oped my eyes with a tear—
For the bark had vanished, and she was gone,
And I was alone on the shore,
And the first faint rays of the rising dawn
Tinted the heavens o'er.

LOVE'S PLEADINGS.

Oh, tell me not, "it cannot be,"
For that is more than I can bear!
My soul is plunged in misery—
But that would drive me to despair.
In pity hear! for only you
Of all this world can ease my pain,
Dear absent one, I love but you,
And, without you, my life is vain.

OUT OF THE LIFE OF YESTERDAY.

I.

Out of the life of yesterday
Into another world
The man of years, the child at play,
Like withered leaves are whirled
And yet, the world goes on in sin
As if the dead had never been.

II.

Out of the life of yesterday
Into another sphere
The ones we loved have passed away,
They are no longer here,
Their lives were pure, they hated sin—
We strive to be what they have been.

III.

Out of the life of yesterday
Into another life,
A tale as old as the mountains grey
As the struggle and the strife—
And the world does not change! but lives begin
And are won or lost by what others have been.

A THOUGHT.

How happy, oh God, could I sink to the grave
Were I only but certain, that when
I had ended this life that the spirit Thou gave
Thou'dst receive to Thy bosom again.

THE VINE STILL CLINGS.

The vine still clings to the oaken bole,
When the driving storm is past,
When its gnarlëd limbs like broken toys
On the withered heath are cast,
And round the rifts of the lightning shaft
It winds its leafy hands,
Companion still to its sturdy friend
Half-rooted from the sands.

And so in the checkered walks of life,
When adverse seasons frown,
When you fail in the struggle and the strife,
And fortune weighs you down—
One Friend at least, like the tender vine,
A helping hand will tend
Will soothe the wounds that time has made,
And be faithful to the end.

A TURNING TWO WAYS.

I.

I have sought for a peace that the world cannot give
I have searched for a calm that might last,
Till I long for the time when in truth I shall live
And the woes of this life shall be past.
O perishing joys! how they flicker and fade
Like coals on a desolate hearth,
Till nothing is left but the pick and the spade,
And darkness, and six feet of earth.

II.

When first at the knee of my mother I knelt
And lisped the sweet prayer that she taught,
I knew not the joy that that moment I felt
Nor the woes that should fall to my lot
And often I've thought, if the years could return
To the days of the dear vanished past,
How gladly I'd give all my future to learn
That my best hopes were answered at last.

ADIEU SWEET MAID.

I.

Adieu, sweet maid, I have loved thee well,
But the time has come to go
The pain it gives I ne'er may tell
Nor thy trusting heart e'er know;
And, when far by the wild waves tossed
The good ship sails o'er the distant sea,
I still shall think of the one I've lost
And grieve that it e'er should be.

II.

Oh, tell me not I shall e'er forget
And brighter forms caress,
I oft shall wish we ne'er had met
Yet may not love thee less—
For alas! what charms compare
With those which still I fain would see?
The loveliest maids were only fair
As they resembled thee.

III.

Adieu, ye hills and winding streams
I ne'er shall see you more
Ye, too, have mingled in my dreams
A part of all that's o'er.
But, away! the sad winds call,
The red sun sets, the blue waves swell—
Adieu, sweet maid! the shadows fall
But all may yet be well.

TO CHRISTINA.

I.

Christina, Christina, my heart hath grown weary
Of watching and waiting, my loved one, for thee;
The spring-time hath come, but the world is still dreary—
Without thy dear presence 'tis cheerless to me.

II

'Twas the light of thine eyes that I saw on the waters,
The red of thy lips in the sunsets' last glow—
Oh, yes, 'twas thee only, earth's fairest of daughters!
That made all seem bright in this dark world below.

III.

Come back to the waters, oh light that is fading!
Come back to the sunset, oh tint that I knew!
And lift from my soul the dark cloud that is shaking
The exquisite beauties of nature and you!

A PICTURE OF HYPOCRISY.

I.

The poor heart beating low in life
In vain may seek for sympathy,
Amidst the turmoil and the strife
There's not but self-satiety
I've found it, and on ev'ry hand
The gilded hydra rules the land.

II.

See Wealth from out its garnished hall,
Still envious of the poor man's lot,
Upon some humble rustic fall,
And drive him begging from his cot:
The ruthless panther scarce could show
Less pity to its fallen foe!

III.

They mourn because a life hath gone,
They throng around the senseless clay,
They gaze upon the features wan,
And grieve for one death snatched away —
O, idle tears! Were their eyes dim
When cut-throats persecuted him?

IV.

In silken robes they strut about;
Their horses are of purest breed;
The thought is in their minds, no doubt,
That other Adams lived, indeed,—
And we, the populace—ahem!
Were only meant as slaves for them.

V.

That flashy dress that they so prize
What is it but a grub's cocoon;
That mansion, glittering 'neath the skies,
Will one day be a nameless ruin;
And they themselves with all their lust
Be but a worm-dish in the dust.

VI.

How oft must bruin's spirit gaze
Astonished at the dismal sight,
To see such rotteness and craze
So fill his skin! and if at night
The caterpillar's ghost should come
'Twould be immediately struck dumb.

VII.

On Sabbath-day we see them go,
Ten after time, to church (of course),
Along the street, a holy show!
(I hope to heaven there's nothing worse)
And when the door is op'ed at last--
Silk, satin, broad-cloth, hurries past.

VIII.

And who is this that up the aisle
Comes tripping on a dancer's toe,
Her lips half-puckered to a smile,
And twisting, turning, to and fro?
Oh, that's Miss ——— she'd tread dry-shod
Upon the very feet of God.

IX.

And here's another idle bloat
Tramps in, as though he owned the place—

I wonder if he owns his coat,
And that white collar round his face!
I'd venture much his laundry-bill
Lies heavy in his pocket still!

X.

And close behind, yet far enough
Away to show to perfect style,
Bound in five yards of silken stuff,
Miss — — — comes stalking up the aisle,
Nor ever looks to left or right—
She dare not, for she's laced too tight!

XI.

The door once more is opened wide
And ——— enters, ——— next,
The very dregs of human pride!
Old Nick, himself, seems sorely vexed—
To turn is but a moment's thought
He vanishes! ne'er saw such rot.

XII.

— — — enters after, with a cough,
And saunters to his destined den
A second's time, his guise is off,
'Tis simply one of ———'s men
Picks up a book for a pretext,
And turns to see who's coming next.

XIII.

Oh, simply poor Miss ———, and
"Such shoes to wear! forsaken souls—
Oh, I must have my book in hand!"
And then his eyes aloft he rolls:
The fair young maiden passes on—
And ——— follows, with a yawn.

XIV.

A minute more, and through the door
A bustle and a rustle comes
Such as is heard, when, summer o'er,
The partridge in the autumn drums.
And, well assisted by his grace,
Miss M. Y. O. B. takes her place.

XV.

From number 55 to 4,
From 4 to 2, from 2 to 1
She moves along the sounding floor
This female hill, this walking ton
The seat howls loudly when she sits
And when she kneels, the floor has fits.

XVI.

A volume richly fraught, and bound
All softly to her senseless touch,
With golden clasps, and sheathëd round
With pearl, lies close in mada 's clutch
The glittering metal wins her eye
The sacred page she hurries by.

XVII.

Mayhap the pictured index now
May win her heart to holier things,
That angel with its placid brow,
Its snowy feet, and feathery wings,
Inspire her—but, alas! she turns,
While hell-fire in her bosom burns!

XVIII

Some careless vagrant from behind,
Wrapped in devotion's stillness there,

(To all save God and death resigned)
Per accidens hath touched her hair
"Mayhap some plume hath been destroyed!
'Tis vexing to be thus annoyed!"

XIX.

"I'll cut her with indignant look"
Groans madam 'neath her fiery breath,
While to her very toes she shook,
"That she'll remember unto death"
Within the house of God, 'twould be
Much sin to shout aloud, thought she.

XX.

Volcanos and their lurid light
Are naught to fiery woman's glance;
The meteor through the darkened night
Flames brightly o'er the wide expanse,
Burns for a moment, and is gone-
But anger's glow lives ever on.

XXI.

Ye hypocrites! ye living lies!
Ye moving monuments of hell!
You have no temple 'neath the skies
Except the gilded fane of Bel,
Your heaven's here, and mirter's mould
The only god you worship—Gold!

MY WANDERING STAR.

I.

My wand'ring star, I ne'er shall see
Thy fair flame in the skies again,
Those liquid beams that smiled on me
No more shall light my native glen,
Fond star, thou wilt no longer shine
As whilom in the evening skies-
That glorious light that once was mine
Lies mirrored in another's eyes.

II.

What care I where my feet may tread
With thou not near to lead the way!
Adown the west, all seared and red,
I watched thy last receding ray—
'Twill come no more! the mountain's rim
Lies 'twixt me and its soothing gleam
Mine eyes with tears, alas! are dim—
My soul wrapped in a troubled dream.

III.

Come Death! this heart shall never know
The peaceful quiet that it craves
Till all my sadness and my woe
Lie slumb'ring in forgotten graves.
Oh, lead me to that silent land
Across the crimson clouds afar!
Oh, lead me with thy cold white hand—
There to await my wand'ring star!

RAIN, RAIN, DREARY RAIN.

I.

Rain, rain, dreary rain,
Rain, rain, cold rain,
Pattering, splattering,
Striking on the window pane!
Why's the world so sad to-day?
Why comes there no pleasing ray?
Not save thou, to cloud the way
Rain, rain, dreary rain!

II.

Rain, rain, dreary rain,
Thou ne'er knew the weary pain
Muttering, fluttering,
Ever in this weary soul,
Ever and forever [illegible]ere
Sighing in a long [illegible] pair
Crushing 'neath its weight of care
Rain, rain, dreary rain!

III.

Rain, rain, dreary rain,
Wearily I sob in vain;
Slumbering, wakening
All is but a sorrowed pain;
Gladly would I bid adieu
To the weary world and you,
Seek the cavern's sombre hue
Rain, rain, dreary rain!

A ROMANCE.

I.

"Harold, Harold, is it here
The white bones are mould'ring near
Where the dew is on the stone—
Harold, Harold, all alone?

II.

"Let all who love but to betray
In such vile dungeons pass away!
E'en time such acts will not condone—
Harold, Harold, all alone!"

III.

So spoke the offspring of the maid
Whom Harold heartlessly betrayed—
And, as to life once more allied,
The dry and tongueless jaws replied:

IV.

"I was once a laddie gay
From fair France I sailed away,
For this place I left the Rhone—
Harold, Harold, all alone.

V.

"She was fair! No flow'r that grew
Held the beauty that she knew!
But I left her there to moan—
Harold, Harold, all alone.

VI.

"Many a tear those dark eyes shed,
Bowed with grief that once proud head:
Not but hell can now atone—
Harold, Harold, all alone.

VII.

"In this place I perished quite,
Sunshine passed to endless night:
She has reached a happier zone
Harold, Harold, all alone.

VIII.

"Oh loss! of earthly-welded woes
The greatest pain a mortal knows!
Hers ended; mine shall ne'er be flown
Harold, Harold, all alone."

A SATIRE.

Heart-sick and weary to my couch I stole
While countless demons wrenched my bleeding soul;
The waking hours had all too slowly passed,
But soothing sleep would seal the eyes at last:
Without, the moon hung shivering in the sky,
The stars burned paler, and the storm was nigh.

Oh, joy, to watch the gathering tempest rise,
To feel its breath! yea, more than to be wise.
The learnëd fool pores o'er the glistening page,
Crams his small brain, and deems himself a sage,
Adjusts his glasses so to fit his nose,
Blinks his dull eyes, and thus he plodding goes—

From Helen revelling on Scamander's lea
To Bernard's belles and Euclid's A. B. C.
Lo! what capacity my lord displays!
His dunced brain flows over with amaze;
And strangled fancy, oft compelled to please
Before this fool puts genius on her knees.
The heroed-page well-conned he passes o'er
And sees himself in all that went before,
And thrones are shaken 'neath his spectral rage,
As, thunder-hoofed, he hurries down the age,
Till, with a crash, the bubble bursts -Alas!
He finds he's not a hero, but an ass.

ODE TO ANIT.

I.

I hear the waves of the far-off ocean
Plashing upon some southern isle,
And the feathery palm in gentlest motion
Bends to the freshening winds the while,
And the sun looks down with its genial smile
From the fair blue plains where the white clouds pile
Mile upon mile in a sweet devotion.

II.

I see the shore, it is bright with coral
And rich with many an ocean gem,
And the encrenite 'mid fantastic sorrel
Mingles its watery beads with them,
And the lily-stone on its purple stem
Frowns 'neath its scarred and glittering helm,
While the suicidal lingthorns quarrel.

III.

High on the rich green lawn that spreads
Soft and fresh 'neath the cocoa bough,
Fair as the fairest flow'r that weds
That virgin soil, she is resting now
A sweet young girl, of angelic brow,
And her billowed hair, by the winds taught how
To wave in a softer beauty, thou
Ne'er knew in the land where the maple reds.

IV.

Flushed with the hue of the op'ning rose
The sea-shells gleam on the sanded shore
But I pass from their crimson tints to those
That their delicate spirals never wore
Nor the touch of the painter's brush is there
But an infinite something exquisite more
Such as angels' eyes, mayhap, of yore
Viewed where the dark Euphrates flows
When Eve was young and the world more fair.

V.

Rich are her eyes, and the soothing light
That deeply dwells in those matchless spheres
Falls as the first faint gleams at night
From the peeping stars, or the moon that rears
Its silvery crest ere it disappears
In the western sky, or the dawn that nears
With its dappled glow o'er the hilltops white.

VI.

To the boundless deep her gaze is turned
With a longing look, and a sorrowed sigh
Breaks from those matchless lips that burn
With the roddan glare of our northern sky—

And the plashing waves make lone reply,
And the echoes wander about and die,
And the list'ning flow'rs that inward yearn
For the touch of her snowy fingers burn
Impatiently in the grasses nigh.

VII.

Up from the west a sea-gull flings
Its pinions white on the evening air --
But the shimmering gleam of its snowy wings
Unnoticed pass in the sunset glare---
Unwelcomed it mounts in its beauty rare---
Uncalled by the lonely watcher there,
While her breast beats low in its sorrowings.

VIII.

A snowy cloud from the west looms up,
All fair 'gainst the warmer shade it glides,
And the sun's last gleams o'er the glancing tides
Falls from the gilded edge as it rides:
The maiden's hand is above her brow!
And her eyes on the far-off distance now
Eagerly watches the cloud as it strides.

IX.

But the wind crept up; and the cloud went out;
And the maiden wept when the twilight came,
And the listening birds in the trees about
Sobbed as they heard, and the first wee flame
Of a star in the east one moment burned
Then quenched its light and never returned.

X.

The moon rose red from behind the sea
And gazed o'er the world with an eye of fire—

But the sight of that young heart's agony
Touched its warm breast, and in soft attire
It hid 'neath a cloud, and a show'r that fell
Full soon on the leaves of that island dell
Were the tears that it shed, and it rose no higher.

XI.

A far-off bell pealed out in the night,
And sad and lonely the echoes died;
And the mermaids rose on the billows white
And with lanterns gazed o'er the purple tide.
But 'twas only the knell of a fallen star
That had ceased to live in the sky afar--
So they sunk again to their coral bar.

XII.

And still she weeps: and the midnight hour
Fans the pure snows of her bosom weak,
And the wind-swept leaves of that island bower
Dry the cold tears from her fevered cheek--
And the storm breaks over the ocean bleak,
And the sky is lit by the lightning streak,
And the giant waves like mountains tower.

XIII.

Sweet maiden, why dost thou sorrow so?
The years are many and thou art fair!
Alas! she loved in the long ago,
But her lover lad is no longer there--
And his stately ship with its white sails curled
Will come up no more from the under-world,
And her pure young life is a life of woe—
For a face burns deep in her bosom yet
That she truly loved and shall never forget.

TO GERALDINE.

I send you for a Christmas gift
A precious gem that sparkles clear—
Take it, and wear it in your heart—
A tear!

THE TRAITORS.

God help those curs though hailing from afar
O'er whose fair regions shines the northern star—
Who curse their king to take up sterner yokes,
And change their principles as men their cloaks.

MARITZA.

I.

Maritza, Maritza, thy valleys are sweet,
And the breath of thy roses the nostrils may charm,
Yet would I exchange for the land of the wheat
For the barley that browns on my far northern farm;
The hillsides are wild with the songs of the birds—
Yet to my sorrowed bosom they speak not of joy,
For my heart still will echo the soft warbled words
That held me enraptured when I was a boy.

II.

Maritza, Maritza, thy maidens are fair,
And their robes are the richest that wealth can procure,
From the silken-clad feet to the dark turbaned hair
Their garments perfection's true outline immure—
Yet the blossom-decked bow'rs where my foot-steps have
strayed

When the moon through the branches peeped lowly and coy,
Still fling their dark boughs o'er a fair northern maid
And whisper sweet sounds that I loved when a boy

III.

Maritza, Maritza, mine eyes have grown sad,
And the wrinkles that furrow this brow are more deep,
Life's sun will soon set, and the world, sable-clad,
Wrap round the poor exile the shadows of sleep,-
Yet would I return to the land that I love!
For I ne'er can forget, though it sought to destroy,
The spirit that fled from the maple-clad grove,
And doomed me a wand'rer when only a boy.

ANTIGONISH HARBOR AT SUNSET.

I.

The evening sun in robes of red
Sinks slowly to its welcome bed,
The last warm gleams are on the rills,
The meadows, and the rugged hills,
And color to the horizon's verge
The surface of the distant surge
Where many an island lightly lies
Beneath the clear unclouded skies,
Its wooded shores and twinkling bays
Refulgent in the dying blaze.
The weary sea-gulls oaring home
Fling from their wings the dancing foam
That glitters 'neath their pinions white
Like flakes of silver in the light.
Far out upon the waters blue
An Indian sails his bark canoe,
His way beyond a headland bent,

Where rests in shade his lonely tent --
He rounds the point! 'tis darkening now,
And, save on Sugar Loaf's high brow
Where still the evening embers gleam,
Sol's glories are no longer seen.
Soon these in dimness fade away--
And twilight marks the close of day

THE SAD NEWS.

I.

It sounded like a funeral dirge
Smote from a hundred lyres,
Or the echos of the sorrowed surge—
As the wind swept o'er the wires.

II.

And, as I nearëd yonder ville
And caught its pointed spires,
I dreamed that she was living still --
As the wind swept o'er the wires.

III.

But sob on sob the message came,
And smould'ring were the fires
Within a home I dare not name—
As the wind swept o'er the wires.

IV.

"O God!" I cried, "it cannot be!"
Yet vain my fond desires!
Sweet Alice slumbered peacefully,
As the wind swept o'er the wires.

"MY HEART IS WITH THE VIOLIN."

I.

"How lovely is that mansion fair
That he has built, oh, amorous queen!
The choicest flow'rs are op'ning there,
And spring calls forth her tend'rest green.
The brook's low murmur fills the glade
With love tales where our feet have been —
Come forth! release your desert shade,
And yonder time-worn violin!"

II.

She turned all sadly from the place,
And kindred spirits thronged her round,
A mother kissed the sad sweet face,
And thus she left the parent ground.
Alas, the change! her trembling lips
Their own sad story soon begin—
For ere the sun in sorrow dips,
She hears the long-loved violin.

III.

"Once more, dear one, thy fingers steal
All softly o'er the trembling strings,
Once more within my soul I feel
The sorrowed tale thy music brings.
I wedded! God! that fatal hour
Hath plunged me in a world of sin,
For, though another haunts my bow'r—
My heart is with the violin.

IV.

"I still can see the lighted room,
Upon the hearth the kindling blaze,

And, like a spectre through the gloom,
The conquest of my maiden days:
He takes the bow, but with a tear,
As if it pained him to begin,
Once more the dreamy waltz I hear
My heart is with the violin!

V.

"Still must it be! for we were one
Since fair creation's primal day,
Nor all the pow'rs beneath the sun
Can tear those kindred links away!
Oh, that this troubled heart might break
And I a happier life begin
Till angel fingers once more wake
The echoes of the violin."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

I.

'Tis night; a thousand twinkling gems
Shine glorious in an eastern sky,
The moon pours forth her lovelier light
O'er Ab'rims plains and mountains high;
Across yon sea, that lonely laves
The time-scarred banks of Reuben's shore,
The night winds curl the dark-blue waves
And pass to Syrian deserts o'er.

II.

They seem to whisper as they go
Glad tidings from that lovely land
Where Kedron moves its wa- -rs slow,
And Gihon glistens in the sand

Glad tidings o'er the deserts pale,
Where many a dreaming Arab hears
The echoes of the fairest tale
That e'er was breathed to mortal ears.

III.

Away upon the broad green hills
That sentinel Antuben's flow
The shepherds by the grassy rills,
Are resting with their flocks of snow
The crook amongst the scattered stones
Lies where at evening it was flung,
And, mingled with the wind's low tones,
Come echoes in the Arabian tongue.

IV.

Up from the far horizon's rim
A fair star launches forth its light!
Pale is the others' glow and dim
Before that messenger of night.
Stately it strides, and ever on
Nor cloud nor winds its course delay —
Lighting the land as when at dawn
The sun's rays tint the Milky Way.

V.

And now the vale of Kedron gleams
All silv'ry 'neath its wooded hills;
And yonder walléd town that dreams
So silently by Hinnam's rills
Takes up the splendor of the night
To battlements and turrets lone--
While on Moriah's rocky height
Burns the proud temple, stone on stone

VI.

The shepherds see that wond'rous star
And watch it as it comes more near,
With joy they hailed its lights afar
But now their hearts beat low with fear,
They know not but it may presage
Some dreadful doom that soon shall come,
And, darkly ignorant of the age,
They gaze in speechless horror—dumb!

VII.

Sudden, upon the lighted ground
A youth in glorious garb appears,
A golden harp about him wound
That echoes ever as he nears!
"Fear not, good shepherds, do not fear,
For I most joyous tidings bring--
In Bethlehem of Juda near
I lead you to your new-born king."

VIII.

He said: and passed they till the light
Made pause above a caverned hill,
A lonely spot, where, housed each night
An ox and ass found shelter still;
There through the burning days of sun
These twain had sought a genial fold
And now, the winter storms begun,
Found shelter from the biting cold

IX.

The strangers entered in, and fair,
In swaddling clothes upon the ground,
A lovely babe was slumb'ring there,
Wrapped with mysterious splendor round;

And paused they by that humble cot,
And each with bended knee adored
Taught by the voice of angels—taught
To know and love their Sovereign Lord.

X.

Sweet are the sound whose echoes die
Beyond the grey and crumbling walls,
And many an unseen harper nigh
From golden strings sweet music calls.
The shepherds hear, and with glad thought
Turn Pyous from the rock-hewn door,
And, backward, reach that lonely spot
Where they had left their flocks before.

XI.

And all night long that trembling star
Poured its white light o'er Kedron's wave,
And all night long its beacon far
Kindled the shades of Raphael's grave:
The moon sunk low; the wakening breeze
Blew freshening o'er the ruffled sea;
The dawn looked forth above the trees—
And still it shone all gloriously.

XII.

Long years have passed: that star is dim:
And mortals of these lesser days
All vainly watch the horizon's rim
To catch its first returning rays.
Yet, do I love to linger there
Upon the snowy hilltops' white,
When all the summer trees are bare,
And dream of that first Christmas night.

WHY DO I WATCH YON TWINKLING STAR.

I.

Why do I watch yon twinkling star
That trembles in the nightly sky?
Its light from me is distant far
Its fair companions are on high:
The pale breeze answers as it dies -
"It beams on thy fair lady's eyes."

II.

Why do I watch the sunset fade
Behind the western hills away,
And love to linger o'er the glade
To catch its last receding ray?
The brook makes answer from the gloom—
"It colours thy fair lady's room."

III.

Why do I watch the dappled dawn,
And call the red gleam o'er the sea,
And court the crimson waves that fawn
About my feet all lovingly?
A voice comes from the restless deep--
"It wakes thy lady from her sleep."

IV.

And do I love thee then so well,
And, loving, love but thee alone?
Alas! 'tis true! I dare not tell
How deeply—only sob and moan,
And sigh, and hope, at times, that thou
Wilt one day love as I do now.

TO EVANGELINE.

Hang up a sprig of mistletoe
For me above my vacant chair,
And wear a few green leaves for me
Within your golden hair.

TO MARY.

Dear Mary, for thy Christmas gift
I send thee priceless store:
A tear for happy seasons past;
A sigh that they are o'er.

WHAT I LOVE.

I.

I love to gaze o'er the boundless deep
When the storm is shrieking wild,
When the waves are lashing the time-worn steep
And the spirit of night hath piled
His monst'rous shades on the caverned sea
Where the mermaid sings in her elfish glee:

II.

"Come out, come out on the dancing wave
Where the waters white round my pillows lave!
Come out and woo the fair sea king's bride
And be my companion, and sit by my side!
In a fairy palace we two shall dwell
In some lovely spot 'neath the heaving swell!"

III.

I love to look at the setting sun,
To see him depart when the day is done,
To look on the last faint gleam that falls
From the time-scarred tops of the western walls,
To hear the last notes of returning birds
As they wing to their nests with their low sweet words;

IV.

"We come, we come to the leafy home
Through the pale blue depths of the skyey dome,
Our wings are weary, but soon to rest
We shall fold them close in the downy nest,
And the fresh night breezes will bring sweet 'reams
From the clouded hills and the inland strea .s."

A SONNET.

Call me a heartless cynic! say I'm cold
And love the things that tend to sadden life—
I was not always thus! nor even now
In the true bearings of reality
Hid 'neath this surface rugged and austere,
Walk forth the thing I seem. I've known delight,
Yea, joy that rose to madness! which perhaps,
Has thrown around that icy atmosphere
That makes me what I am. From the dead past
A thousand phantoms of those genial times
Arise in all their matchless liveries
And outward forms of ecstasy, to hold
Me to the things that are not—yet more dear
In night and shadows than the things that are.

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN.

I.

Down, down, down,
And the restless waves of the sea
In dark battalions dash,
I can hear them splash
As they roll their depths over me.

II.

Down, down, down,
Where the sea-horse sleeps in its cave,
And the rainbow's rim
Through the ocean dim
Colors the voiceless wave.

III.

Down, down, down,
Where the winds are forever still
And the tempest o'er,
Where the mermaid sings on the shore
Of her castle hill.

IV.

Down, down, down,
O world, 'tis with joy I go!
And my saddened face
In more genial place
Shall smile below.

NO GENTLE GLEAM FOR ME.

I.

Loved beacon-light that shines afar
Thou canst not guide me, kindly star!
The storm-tossed sailor kens thy gleam
All joyous from yon boist'rous stream,
He marks the scarped rocks in sight
And turns his gallant bark aright,
But I—no gentle gleam for me
Glimmers along life's treacherous sea!

II.

Loved moon, fair virgin of the night!
How soft thou breakest on the sight!
Thy signal-fire hath blazed the way
For many a wand'ring bard astray,
Till through the mountain's lessened gloom
He neared with joy his cottaged room,
But I—no gentle gleam for me
Glimmers along life's treacherous sea!

III.

Loved being! thou whose glorious rays
Lighted my path in happier days,
That taught my youthful heart to hope
As spring-time calls the buds to ope—
Wilt thou return once more, and shine
Athrough this saddened soul of mine?
For I—no gentle gleam for me
Glimmers along life's treacherous sea!

HOW OFT I LONGED.

I.

Above me in the apple blooms
The little birds are chirping sweet,
And near, the fairest of perfumes
Waft from the wild-flowers at my feet,
As if all nature strove to ease
The aching heart it ne'er may please—
Could it but know, companion meek,
How oft I longed to hear thee speak!

II.

The lonely winds from o'er the lake
Meander slowly up the hill—
Come kindred spirits! for her sake
I love them still! I love them still!
And, entering 'neath these gloomy bow'rs
Recall the joy of other hours—
They know too well, companion meek,
How oft I longed to hear thee speak!

III.

And is it so? and must I sigh,
And sob these bitter tears in vain?
The night owl answers with its cry,
The bittern pipes across the plain:
"Go foolish youth! a woman's love
Is shiftless as the winds that rove"
And yet, I long, companion meek,
To hear thee speak, to hear thee speak!

IV.

And wouldst thou tarry still? why wait
When all the hill is darkened o'er?
The stars are hidden, it is late,
And deeper shadows hide the shore—
Yon twinkling suns may disappear,
But thy dark eyes be ever near!
Their gentle lights, companions meek,
Still burn, though thou hast ceased to speak.

V.

But time shall be, e'en when the grave
Shall darken o'er this wasted form,
When earth shall claim the dust she gave
And call the never-dying worm,
When this all-troubled soul shall fling
Far into space its weary wing—
No distance be, companion meek,
Where I shall cease to hear thee speak!

VI.

Eternity may shake her shores
With rude tempestuous waves and ope
Her fiery caverns! from those doors
May issue direst howlings—grope
Ye demons, and, in anguish, shriek
Your loudest! still I hear her speak!

A QUESTION AND ITS ANSWER.

I.

How long shall Fortune's sullen hand
Wave o'er my head its luckless wand?
How many years shall come and go
Ere I shall know no more of woe?

II.

The past is by; the present hour
Sees naught but darkest tempest lower;
And future suns, but wrapped in gloom,
Fling their dread lightnings round my tomb.

MEDITATION.

I have shattered the walls of my dungeon
But to enter a blacker cell,
I have left the pains of purgat'ry
For the fiercer fires of hell,
For that which is bad I have fashioned worse—
And it merits little, methinks, to rise
From the awful grave of sin, if, when
Our weary wings have touched the skies,
We tumble to earth again.

COME BACK, COME BACK.

I.

Come back, come back, I miss thy light
Thou one bright star that went from me!
Though thousands twinkle through the night
Adown the wind-blown galaxy
Their light hath not that secret pow'r
As thine to gild the passing hour.

II.

Come back, come back, the moon sinks low
Behind the western hills away,
The sad, sad winds, blow, ever blow
O'er memory's deep and troubled bay.
And lonely contemplation moans
In answer to the wind's dull tones.

III.

Come back, come back, the tempest howls
And clouds hang heavy o'er my soul,
The world, a dreary desert, scowls—
But thou, fond spirit, canst condole—
Beloved eyes! return once more
And light my pathway as of yore.

IV.

Again to hold thy tiny hand,
To taste the fragrance of thy lips—
How fair would grow the lonely land!
And yonder moon that sadly dips
Beyond the hills—how sweet afar!
Come back, come back, my wand'ring star.

TO MICH.

Dear M—— the misletoe ne'er clung
More closely to the oaken boles
Than friendship with its faithful hands
Clings to our kindred souls.
And now, in joyous Christmas-tide,
She bids me send, companion dear,
The only gift I have to give—
A tear!

TO C.

Christina, loveliest vision of my dreaming!
I read a tale of sadness in thy voice,
A secret something in thy dark eyes gleaming
Tells me that he who loved is still thy choice:
But vain my hopes! and vain thy gentle pleading!
For cruel fate decrees that we must part
I to pursue the life that waifs are leading -
You to a dungeon with a broken heart.

LUMEN IN COELO.

I.

Leo, the loved! the honored! there is none
To sound the praises of thy glorious name!
Thou stand'st alone as far the encircling sun
Pouring thy splendor in aesthetic flame
To gladden o'er a world, and light Italia's plain.
Kings, princes, emperors, have bent the knees
About thy blameless throne when all in vain
Their empty councils trembled—war-clad, these
Have sheathed the angry sword, heard thine august decrees.

II.

Loved prince of God! there stands no nobler name
In the long list of sages that have been
Than thine high appellation, bearded fame
In thee, found fit companion midst the din,
The turmoil, and the strife of nations—in
The vastness of the Vaticar that rears
Its wond'rous dome above a world of sin
Thy midnight lamp hath blazed, nor prayers, nor tears,
Lessened the wearied hours of thy declining years.

III.

Cradled where flings the crested Volscian hills
Their purple summits to the evening air,
Pure as the flow'r that decks those mountain rills
A lovely babe is sweetly slumb'ring there
Deep in its snowy cov'rings, and as fair:
The dreamy zephyr through the latticed hall
Breathes of the tufted chestnut and the bare
And ruined towers of Cuentra: over all
The deep and dark-blue heavens arch their wond'rous wall.

IV.

And thou hast loved thy birth-place, and hast sung
Its varied scenes in many a tuneful line—
Loved Carpineto! oft thy vales have rung
With youthful mirth, till near, the purple vine
Clung to the trembling walls, and far-off kine
That cropped the plains of green Latinium
Slow raised the head to gaze, and, from the pine
The loosened cone dropped silent down, and dumb
And noiseless woodland roused its many a warbled hum.

V.

Mayhap, beside yon cataract, that leaps
In wild confusion down that dark defile,
Thy boyish steps have lingered; and where peeps
The ruined Pruni 'mid its ghostly pile—
How often wert thou known to sit and smile,
And dream of its past glory, and recall
The conquering Alba and his hosts the while.
Nurtured 'mid scenes as these, the embattled wall,
Old cities, flowered glens, dark cascades, and o'er all

VI.

The unchanging hills, tow'ring unto the skies
And grasping in cold hands the spectral cloud,
Touching the white-winged eagle as it flies,
Battling the storm-king while it roars aloud,
Robing the sunset in its crimson shroud
And the day's dawning with its dappled hue
Nurtured 'mid scenes as these, his heart endowed
With ev'ry noble quality, he grew
As happy youth passed on, more gentle and more true.

VII.

Viterbo sees him in its kindly shades
Ere eight short years had quickly glided by;
For college walls he left his native glades,
But shed one tear, and heaved one sorrowed sigh
Nor, marvel not! he loved that eyrie high!
There had he known a mother's tender care,
Drunk the warm light that lurked in her dark eye,
Caught the soft shadows of her clust'ring hair,
And loved with endless love, for she was matchless fair.

VIII.

Time passes with its never-changing strides,
Suns rise and set, stars vanish and appear,
Old moons have waned beneath the ocean's tide,
And silv'ry crescents waked the slumb'ring year.
Sad hearts have wept o'er many a sable bier,
Young hearts in hopeless anguish broken been,
Old warriors laid beside the rusted spear,
Fair fields despoiled, foul despots 'mid the din
Of murderous war or exile, closed wild lives of sin.

IX.

'Tis autumn, and the tree-clad hills of Rome
Resplendent with a thousand varied hues
Glad the returning sun; the gilded dome
Upon the eternal hill benignly strews
Its golden treasures, heavy with the dews
Of midnight to a world; by distance dimmed,
St. Andrew's courts its saintly morning muse
Nestled 'mid gnarlëd chestnuts, hoary limbed,
And grey espalyered walks by ghostly fingers trimmed.

X.

Within a chapel of that antique pile
Sits Odescalchi in his priestly dress,
His saintly face warm with angelic smile,
Stooping a young novitiate to bless
Kneeling in snow-white alb, nor none the less
Beaming a soul of blameless purity.
It seems as if yon spirits—who may guess?
Frescoed upon the adjoining walls, might be
By unseen hands aroused to stern reality.

XI.

Nor many months ere to God's altar called
Joachim Pecci came with saintly mien,
Sworn to that dread offering that appalled
The impious Luther, when, with conscience keen
Upbraiding him, he wept — in truth, I ween,
The dearest source from which all blessings flow,
The living well that never dims its sheen,
Pouring to erring mortals here below
Its weight of wond'rous wealth, and crushing ev'ry woe.

XII.

Beside that stream that through Campania's dales
Winds its blue waters to Tyrrhenian sea
Upon its bosom bearing many a sail
Red with the blood of dark Mascambroni,
Joachim bides. The land is once more free!
Coletta sees his dreaded band in chains,
And peace return to war-scarred Italy,
A grateful people tell those lovely plains
So late bereft of all but hideous battle stains.

XIII.

Perugia sees him next, with well-set shield
Battling the foes of that corrupt domain,
Hurling Mazzini's schism from the field,
Bidding Cavour retire, and yet again,
With all the many ends he hoped to gain —
Illuminism, Jansenism, all
That weighed on chaste morality, in pain
Before his victorious banners, forced to fall,
Lay mould'ring in the crypt of time's sepulchral wall.

XIV.

Called to a higher dignity, he nears
The shades of San Lorenzo, at that time
When manhood looks not on the rolling years
And ev'ry hour bespeaks life's glorious prime—
Lov'ly in virtue even to a crime—
He dons the mitre, and with trembling hand
Touches the pastoral rod—nor deem it sign
Of quick-flown weakness! through that steepled land
Were none more better born to counsel or command!

XV.

Time labours on in its unshackled mien,
Humbling the proud, and wearying the strong;
Each spring-time trails its vines of virgin green
Above some new-made grave, or through the long-
Drawn aisle of dark cathedral breathes its song
Of sadness that must be; some lowly hand
To-day lies stilled beneath the oppressor's wrong
The morrow sees the dread destroyer stand,
Livid, and stern, and cold, before some palace ground.

XVI.

Onward, and ever onward, till at last
It thunders at the gilded gates of Rome,
And Pius chilled before the destroying blast
Withers and dries beneath the eternal dome,
Passes from earth to a more genial home.
Sadly the bells ring out and sadly cease
Stifled by their own sobbings as they come,
Wearily, wild, and weird, the sounds decreased,
Low echoing dimly for the soul of the deceased.

XVII.

Slowly they pass, and all is stilled the while,
Day fades to night and night again to day,
Sun follows sun to smile with genial smile
On Rome's proud columns crumbling to decay.
Again those bells are ringing in the grey
And silent tow'rs—but 'tis a joyous peal!
Another Leo holds imperial sway:
Around his throne all lands submissive kneel,
Greatest of shepherd kings! friend of the common weal!

XVIII.

Well hath the light of thine embalzoned shield
Gay with the clust'ring lily's livelier hue
Gleamed o'er a wond'ring world, its azure field
Lit by that beam that blazed so long in you,
Presaged by ancient bards, nor e'er more true.
Rest, gentle Leo! father! prophet! sage!—
Not dead but only lost to mortal view!
Thy glorious name shall echo down the age,
Nor ever be erased from off the admiring page.

THE BOETHICK'S LAMENT.

I.

Alone I stand, oh giant pine,
Last of our noble race
And thou hast watched its fall and mine
With none to take our place,
And only thou has wept and sighed
That I must die, that they have died.

II.

Upon yon hill, now crimsoned o'er
With autumn's earliest tints, I see
One tiny smoke—'twill rise no more
To smile with its warm smile on me;
Ere sunset calls the dying day
I shall have passed, like it, away.

III.

Fair island! there were happier days
When thou wert younger! but they passed
With all their treasured joys; our lays
May still recall them, but the last
Will soon be sung—and 'tis for me
To chant that true sad tale to thee.

IV.

Time was when on yon surf-worn shore
A thousand camp-fires lit the night;
A thousand warriors now no more
Armed for the ambush and the fight:
They fought, they fell,—the Micmacs' bow,
The Frenchmen's bullets, laid them low.

V.

The birch canoe no linger glides
Along the deep blue ruffled waves,
The strong dark arms that stemmed their tides
Lie mould'ring in forgotten graves,
The eye that flashed with lightning glance —
It withered 'neath the hand of France.

VI.

Adieu, ye time-scarred mountains! I
Have loved ye! and to tread once more

Your winding pathways to the sky,
And, 'neath the soft clouds floating o'er,
Again to gaze adown—'twere sweet
To note the beauties round your feet.

VII.

But 'tis an idle wish, alas!
E'en now my limbs with age are weak,
I feel the hand of darkness pass
All coldly o'er this bloodless cheek,
Mine eyes have lost their old-time light,
The day is hastening into night.

VIII.

Oh, kindly tree, that wav'st above
Thy tasseled branches to the breeze,
Thou ever looked adown with love
Upon thy children—and their knees
Have bended 'neath thy sheltering bough
As mine, alas! are bending now.

IX.

Oh, soothe the heart that soon must break—
When it shall lie beneath thy shade
Forget not it shall one day wake!
Forget not that in yonder glade
Once more shall sound the hunter's horn,
As oft of yore it waked the morn!

X.

And I shall be what I have been,
And boyhood days again draw near
To light the eye that once might win
The fairest of thy maidens—year
On year of endless joy shall come,
And sorrow's voice be ever dumb:

XI.

Athrough the leafy glade, be heard
The echo of the bended bow,
The screamings of the wounded bird,
The howlings of the wolf laid low,
And fair wild flow'rs that never fade
Drink the warm blood fresh from the blade.

XII.

Nor shall the pale-face enter there!
'Tis our sweet country! we alone
May breathe its clear, sweet scented air!
There blow the winds in softest tone
Athrough the fir-trees feathered limb
To soothe the eyes that now are dim.

XIII.

There will she trim the soap-stone lamp,
Whom I have loved, and still may love,
And place it in the twilight camp
As oft of yore; while bends above
The cheerful blaze, and roasting near,
The choicest of the mountain deer.

XIV.

And welcome be the fair repast,
And brightly shine the birchen plate,
When she for whom I mourn at last
Hath ceased to wonder and to wait—
When earth all trembling bids us rise—
What love shall break the old-time ties?

XV.

E'en now I see a gentle hand
That beckons me athrough the mist,

E'en now across the darkened land
I hear a voice I can't resist—
Adieu, fair island! 'tis with pain
We part, but we shall meet again!

XVI.

His head sunk low; his noble breast
No longer throbbed its measured beat:
Fresh winds from out the darkened west
Played 'mid the wild-flowers at his feet
One tiny star peeped out, and fled!
The last Boethick chief was dead.

A COMPARISON.

O'er the fields the first white snow-flakes
Silently and softly fall,
Few in numbers, slow-descending,
Sadly, slowly, earth-ward wending.
Once I thought—oh, happy childhood!
Hours of innocence and love—
These were feathers dropped by angels
As they plumed their glittering pinions
On the walls of God's dominions,
On the shining walls above.
Fond delusion, sweeter, better
Than the knowledge since I've won—
Holding me with giant fetter
From the things beyond the sun.
Gentle dreams! their joys are vanished—
Happy days! their course is run.

INDEX.

An age of block-heads.....v. 1 to 20
Effect of having to consider such.....v. 21 to 30
Why condemn me for mixing figures?.....v. 31 to 54
Two great classes of critics.....v. 55 to 118
One must labor to be a critic.....v. 119 to 162
Result of incurbed censuring.....v. 163 to 170
Objections of those attacked answered.....v. 171 to 180
Why condemn Criticism because there are false critics .v. 181 to 208
A rule of criticism does not necessarily cover every case.....v. 209 to 234
Rules laid down by the unstable should be abandoned..v. 235 to 262
To him who is willing to follow arbitrary rules.....v. 263 to 266
Rules built upon false ideas of correctness.....v. 267 to 310
Concerning such.....v. 311 to 314
Kindred arts of Painting and Sculpture .....v. 315 to 338
Further rules built upon false ideas of correctness.....v. 339 to 354
Definition of art. Despotic rules an infringement.....v. 355 to 362
Definition and scope of poetry.....v. 363 to 394
Laws of Poetry are unchangeable.....v. 395 to 412
Influence of poetry upon all peoples, and in all ages....v. 413 to 434
Poetry symbolized as a maiden.....v. 435 to 446
An invocation to Freedom.....v. 447 to 468
He who would be a true bard or a true critic must labor.....v. 469 to 494
Block-heads, even though they labor, can accomplish but little.....v. 495 to 514
Carpers and rhymsters unfitted both by nature and art v. 515 to 544
Influence of Sham.....v. 545 to 556
Effect of praise and censure upon some.....v. 557 to 586
Critics err more often than singers.....v. 587 to 614
Wallace.....v. 615 to 650
Wells.....v. 651 to 660
Tompkins.....v. 661 to 684

McDonald.....v. 685 to 696
The wonders of Margaree.....v. 697 to 712
Thompson.....v. 713 to 738
Jenkins.....v. 739 to 754
O'Neil.....v. 755 to 780
Campbell.....v. 781 to 812
Odesters at the unveiling of the Burns statue.....v. 813 to 834
An appeal to the bard of the North Shore.....v. 835 to 844
McQuen and Bryden.....v. 845 to 876
A malady of dangerous proportions.....v. 877 to 882
The offering of Alexander.....v. 883 to 886
Much misery due to wrong choice of vocation.....v. 887 to 892
A question and its answer.....v. 893 to 896
How one may know his vocation.....v. 897 to 924
Consideration of those who do not follow a true vocation.....v. 925 to 940
The critic who is prejudiced.....v. 941 to 984
The block-head critic.....v. 985 to 1020
To him who wishes a block-head's praise.....v. 1021 to 1026
Praise given that is undeserved.....v. 1027 to 1046
The critic of old days.....v. 1047 to 1070

A CHANGE OF SCENERY.

General remarks.....v. 1071 to 1074
Bryant.....v. 1075 to 1086
Longfellow.....v. 1087 to 1108
Father Ryan.....v. 1109 to 1132
Darcy McGee.....v. 1133 to 1146
Bransfield.....v. 1147 to 1168
Eugene Field.....v. 1169 to 1182
Scollard.....v. 1183 to 1188
Roberts and Carmen.....v. 1189 to 1196

RESUMPTION OF THE THEME.

A true critic.....v. 1197 to 1358
False criticism due largely to the corruption of the times.....v. 1359 to 1450
Consideration of Socialism.....v. 1451 to 1484
Gambling.....v. 1485 to 1500
Intemperance.....v. 1501 to 1526
Vanity.....v. 1527 to 1536

Vice, due to false systems of education ..... v. 1537 to 1562
To him who desires notoriety ..... v. 1563 to 1574
Thoughts suggested by consideration of the vices ..... v. 1575 to 1604
Exhortation to the country ..... v. 1605 to 1664
Too much, perhaps, is hoped for ..... v. 1665 to 1668
Objections answered ..... v. 1669 to 1688
Some advice to my critics ..... v. 1689 to 1716
Further advice ..... v. 1717 to 1738
Conclusion ..... v. 1739 to 1756